

# THE SWAN

THE MAGAZINE OF UPTON GRAMMAR SCHOOL

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COVER - FRONT: SUSIE AGGARWAL BACK: SARAH KOPSCH

## ART WORK

- |                      |                        |                     |
|----------------------|------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Jenny Oliver      | 25. P. Rieley          | 45. Lakhan Basi     |
| 4. Sarah Kopsch      | 28. Christina Lam      | 47. Jenny Oliver    |
| Jenny Oliver         | 29. Shahjahan Alhassan | 50. Wajid Hamid     |
| 10. {                | 30. {Mark Manley       | 52. {Christina Lam  |
| 11. {Elizabeth Short | {Monica Srivastava     | 54. {               |
| 12. {                | 31. Elizabeth Short    | 55. Elizabeth Short |
| 13. {                | 32. {Susie Aggarwal    | 57. Kashaf Malik    |
| 14. Geeta Rajput     | 33. {                  | 58. Susie Aggarwal  |
| 19. G. Fallows       | 34. {Sunil Vaid        | 61. Mark Manley     |
| 23. {G. Fallows      | 43. {                  | 64. Christina Lam   |
| 24. {                | 44. Lakhan Basi        |                     |

#### HEADMASTER'S REPORT

The school year began with 620 pupils on roll which included 150 Sixth Formers. The intake into the Sixth Form has been higher this year and we have 102 in the Lower Sixth. With even more wishing to enter the Sixth Form next year the position would appear to be a very healthy one.

We were fortunate to have few staff changes last summer. Indeed the only newcomer in September was Mr. P. Fay to teach physics. He had previously been on the staff of Cox Green School in Maidenhead.

In December we were all very sorry to be saying goodbye to Mr. F.E. Dutton who has retired from teaching. Mr. Dutton came to Slough Grammar School in 1961 and has given sterling service as a highly regarded Senior Housemaster and also in charge of German and General Studies.

Mr. D.G. Charlston has been appointed to take charge of German. He is a graduate of Munchen and Manchester Universities, and holds qualifications in music as well as modern languages. He joins us from Bungay High School.

At the end of the school year Mr. G. Fallows and Mr. M. Thistlewood are taking early retirement.

Mr. Fallows came to Slough Grammar School in 1962, and was made Head of English Department in 1969. He has maintained our high standard of Drama and coached the public speaking teams.

In his six years in charge of Religious Education Mr. Thistlewood has injected new life and interest into his subject. Ever willing to help, he will be missed in many areas and activities, but most noticeably at Morning Assembly where his admirable talks have been appreciated by all of us.

Finally I have to report that Mrs. G. Dibden, who has done so much for our Music, is to leave us. In a relatively short time Mrs. Dibden has completely transformed the standing of music in the School so that we now have the enthusiastic involvement of very large numbers of pupils. Her productions, particularly "Carousel", will long be remembered. Mrs. Dibden is to spend more time with the County's Music Advisory Service.

The teaching profession cannot afford to lose members of the quality of Mrs. Dibden and Messrs. Dutton, Fallows and Thistlewood.

There are also significant changes in our non-teaching staff. Mrs. V. Whatling retired in December after fourteen helpful years in the Library and Video Department, and at Easter Mrs. T. Brown our Assistant Secretary also retired. Mrs. Brown, always calm, unruffled and very efficient had served for fifteen years as School Secretary at Slough High School before the merger in 1982.

We welcome Mrs. A. Hodge and Mrs. J.A. Wardle who replace Mrs. Whatling and Mrs. Brown respectively.

Last but certainly not least there are two further changes in our School Office. We have to say farewell to Mrs. P.M. Miller, our School Secretary, and Mrs. J.A. Kidd, our Matron.

#### HEADMASTER'S REPORT (cont'd)

Mrs. Miller is to retire. Her service at Slough Grammar School began as Librarian in 1969, and in 1973 she was appointed to the post of Secretary. Her skills and industry have been particularly vital to us in the years of change when the new School was founded.

Mrs. Kidd became our School Matron in 1979 and we have come to depend greatly on her expertise and her sympathetic handling of the infinite variety of problems that come her way. Mrs. Kidd is moving away from the area.

Our two Modern Language Assistants who have spent this year with us are Frln. B. Lowak and Mlle. V. Ravenet. Their help is appreciated and we hope they have enjoyed their experience at Upton.

The Head Girl for the session 1987-88 has been Lucy Cowan, and the Head Boy Wajid Hamid. Together with their Deputies Baljinder Hothi and Jason Creak, and the Prefects, they have served the School very well.

1987 was the last year for G.C.E. 'O' levels and it was pleasing that our results in terms of passes per pupil were the best for several years. This year we shall see what difference the G.C.S.E. makes.

Following closely behind the introduction of G.C.S.E. we are witnessing a series of curriculum changes which are affecting different age groups. Links with the Middle Schools are being further extended and improved, and this will help the children concerned at the 12+ transition stage.

Upton is one of the pilot schools in the County which will begin teaching the "Skills for Adolescence" programme in the second and third form tutorial periods in September. We appreciate the generous sponsorship of the Lions Club of Windsor which has made this possible.

However the greatest impact will be felt with the introduction of the Technical, Vocational and Educational Initiative (TVEI) extension scheme which will result in considerable modifications to the Fourth Form curriculum for the coming School year.

Full reports on Sport will appear elsewhere in the Swan. It is good to see the wide range offered to the boys and girls, and the high level of achievement. The soccer 1st XI which is a relatively young side has had a very encouraging season, and the School has reason to be proud to be providing so many representatives for County teams in the different sports and age groups.

Music has continued to flourish. The Concert in November, the Carol Service, the performance of "Elijah" in the Albert Hall and "Carousel" were greatly enjoyed by the many who were performing as well as their audiences. "Carousel" attracted tremendous support involving practically every department in the School.

The "Multi-cultural Evening" has been an annual event until this year when it was decided to replace it with "An Evening's Entertainment" by the Sixth Form with very little outside help. It was a credit to the students who displayed a wide variety of talent.

# HEADMASTER'S REPORT (cont'd)

The School's Computer team Jason Creak, Matthew Perrett and Mathew Waters did exceptionally well in coming second in the final of the British Computer Society Competition held in London. Many schools had taken part in this national competition and the winners were St. Paul's School. Mathew Waters won the Individual Trophy for scoring most marks in the competition. An impressive achievement.

In the Slough Senior Schools Road Safety Competition our unbeaten record has this year been further extended. The last 'outsiders' to win the trophy were St. Bernard's School in 1968.

Field study courses, visits, and trips abroad have continued during the year to the benefit of the pupils, and thankfully without serious mishap.

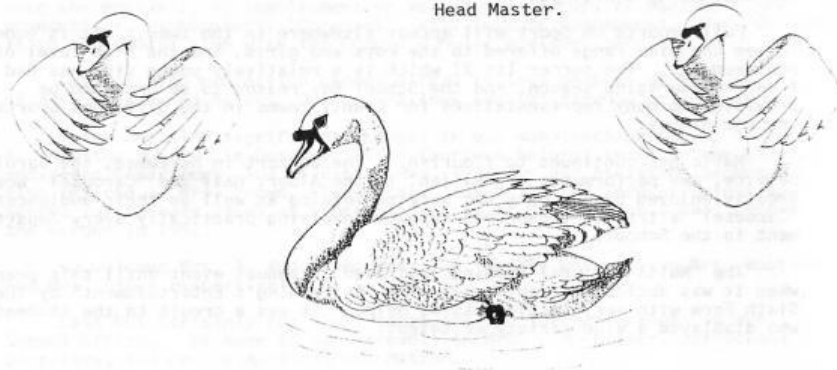
The School's Young Enterprise Company has had a busy and I trust financially successful year. Its members, showing a marked degree of enterprise, have been encountered at most School events.

The community Service Group has received financial assistance via the National Westminster Bank's Project Respond. This is welcome recognition of the work they are doing for old people and handicapped children.

I wish to thank very warmly the Parents' Association, ably led by Mr. A. Reader, for their support over the past year. The refreshments they have provided at Parents' Evenings and at other functions have been much appreciated, and we have become very dependent on their fund-raising to give the School those extras from which all pupils have benefited.

Finally our thanks to Miss Dewar for again editing the Swan. Whilst its contents cannot possibly cover everything of note that has happened it is a valuable record of another eventful and successful year for the School.

G.H. PAINTER  
Head Master.



MR. G.H. PAINTER was appointed to the Headship of Slough Grammar School in January 1967. He had previously taught in two well-known Grammar Schools in the north of England and at Giggleswick School, and he came to Slough from Tudor Grange School, Solihull, where he had been Deputy Headmaster.

In the twenty-one or so years of his headship, education in general, and in Slough in particular, has undergone a great many changes. The raising of the school leaving age, the boundary changes of 1974, involving a forced move from Buckinghamshire to Berkshire, the merger of Slough Grammar and Slough High to form the new Upton Grammar School, the radical reforms of the external examination system, the new Education Bill - these are some of the more significant. They have not always been easy and have called for considerable patience, tact and goodwill - characteristics which Mr. Painter has in great measure.

From the outset Mr. Painter has involved himself in all facets of school life. He has been highly supportive of, and encouraging to, all Heads of Department and their colleagues; his interest and co-operation in respect of school trips, games, clubs and societies and other extra-curricular activities has been tremendous; it was he who instigated the Parents' Association, a thriving body whose efforts on behalf of the School have brought such benefits over the years.

A school is as good as the people in it and the people who run it. A good school can rapidly lose its reputation if it is not ably led. The fact that first Slough Grammar School and then Upton Grammar School have had such high reputations, not only locally, but also far further afield, is a tribute to the leadership that Mr. Painter has given it for so long.

All schools are likely to have a certain amount of staff turnover in twenty one years. We have been no exception, but it is fair to say that the vast majority of staff who have left have done so either for promotion or in order to retire. All those who have worked at either of the schools have paid tribute to the pleasant atmosphere emanating from the top. Seven of the present Staff have served under Mr. Painter for twenty years or more; this number would have been considerably lower with a Head Master of lesser standing.

As one of these seven, I find it difficult to envisage an Upton Grammar School without Mr. Painter at the helm. I have had cause - as have so many others - to be grateful to him for his help, encouragement and advice over the years. His kindness, his considerateness and his keen sense of humour have frequently helped one to see things in their proper perspective. It has been a pleasure and an honour to have been associated with him.

As Head Master he must have had contact with more than three thousand pupils and staff, and an even greater number of parents and friends of the schools. I know that they would all wish to join me in wishing him and Mrs. Painter a long and happy retirement. We sincerely hope that, even though he may no longer be the inhabitant of the Head's Study, we shall continue to enjoy their company at school functions for years to come.





#### A PERSONAL NOTE

I am very glad to have the privilege of writing a few lines at this time of my retirement. Mainly because it allows me to say to as wide an audience as possible a very sincere thank-you. I wish to thank all those many people - staff, students, parents, Governors, Officers, Old Pals and friends - who through the past years have worked so hard with me on behalf of the School.

Looking back, my first contact with Slough was made one day in October 1966 when together with several other candidates I attended to be interviewed at the Grammar School for Boys. The School had a fine reputation and I was delighted and very honoured to be offered the post.

The years that have followed have been extremely eventful, the task demanding of time and energy, full of problems and trials but at the same time so richly rewarding in the ways that really count. As one would expect when working with young people at a very formative stage there have been few dull moments.

The changing Governments have had their influences and it is quite true that Education has been treated as a political football. In spite of this it is gratifying, indeed a blessing, that we have retained our Grammar School status, offering an education which equips the pupils well for their futures. They have gathered honours year by year in the academic field, in sport, music, drama and in the various other competitions and activities recorded in editions of the Swan. Some highlights, proud moments my memory will cherish, include the eleven Oxbridge places of 1973, the six Schoolboy Internationals of 1978 and the B.B.C. "Top of the Form" success of 1986.

#### A PERSONAL NOTE (cont'd)

If I had to say which two changes had the most marked effect on us in my twenty-one years they would be the revision of the catchment area following the movement of the Bucks/Berks boundary in the early seventies, and in 1982 the successful merger of Slough High School for Girls and the Grammar School for Boys. More recently we have experienced the strong wind of change with G.C.S.E., T.V.E.I., and the requirements of the New Education Act.

I wish the School continued success and I am sure it will benefit from a new Head with fresh ideas and fresh energy to carry it forward to even greater heights. I know Mrs. M. Lenton will find everyone here ready and willing to give her the strongest possible support in carrying out the task which falls to her lot.

I shall follow the fortunes of Upton Grammar School and its members at all times with interest and affection.

G.H.P.

## **PARENTS' ASSOCIATION**

*Previous proclamations on behalf of the Association in this magazine have consistently maintained that all was well. The past triteness of monetary gains and congratulations all round having apparently eclipsed any objective criticism. Although well meant, such avoidance has signally failed to increase membership of the Association or improve support for many of the fund raising events over the past years.*

*Could there be an elusive rationale which would explain why only a third of all parents are members of the Association. Surely the life membership fee of four pounds cannot be a disincentive for so many, especially as such expenditure is not necessarily a commitment to involvement in the Association's activities. Perhaps some parents are unaware that the funds raised provide for a wide range of facilities that can benefit every child at the School.*

*Unfortunately even the poor membership record appears positively heartening when compared with participation in fund raising activities. At the last Spring Fayre only three offers of help were received from nearly seven hundred circulars; and on the day the professional dealers nearly outnumbered the parents, pupils and staff attending. Once again it was that small group of active committee members who spend many hours in preparation, serving at stalls, and then clearing up afterwards. The same faces are regularly seen serving teas during parents' evenings and at other school functions, so it is they alone who deserve all the thanks this year.*

*The most encouraging aspect of the whole year, by far was the enthusiasm displayed during the Sixth Forms' Evening of Entertainment. It not only demonstrated that pupils can be motivated to actively participate in events, but also proved that parents do exist by attracting a full house. The money raised was a welcome contribution towards the Association's funds. Hopefully some £2000 will be spent this year in providing prizes for Speech Day and the upkeep of the School's two minibuses.*

*Finally, sincere thanks to Michael Thistlewood who retired from the committee this year. His stalwart services, notably in liaison between the Association's activities and the pupils of the School, will be sorely missed.*

Tony Reader (Association Chairman)

#### THE FAMOUS FIVE

Sadly, the School will be losing the services this year of five remarkable ladies, all members of the non-teaching staff. They are remarkable in that, despite widely differing personalities, each has shown the same outstanding commitment to the School, the same ability to 'fill the unforgiving minute with sixty seconds' worth of distance run' and the same outstanding concern for the welfare of individual students. Four of these are retiring.

I first met Mrs. Micky Taylor, the Senior Lab. Technician when I joined Slough Grammar School in 1963. Terrified (!) at first by her vigorous, no-nonsense manner, like the many generations of science staff and pupils who have had cause to be grateful for her meticulous organisation of equipment and preparation of experiments, I soon learned to value her efficiency and help both with Stage Lighting and Travel Week. That was the time when all forms 1-4 went out on a programme of visits - and Mrs. Taylor worked tirelessly to prepare, store and issue information and questionnaires to staff and pupils. It's a fair bet that she produced over 90% of the examination papers used in the school.

Mrs. Valerie Whatling joined the Grammar School library fourteen years ago from the B.B.C. and made an instant impact with her lively personality on a largely male staff and student body. She too pitched in, learning the library classification system and working hard to provide a service that would adapt to meet changing needs. She soon involved herself in recording radio programmes for the Languages Department, and took on a heavy clerical role in the Art Department. When the School acquired a T.V. and (later) videos, she added responsibility for these, establishing a reliable recording and playback service which many Departments used, to the benefit of their teaching. Her flair for display which quickly transformed the Library, began to be evident elsewhere - not least in the pages of the Swan and the layout of countless play programmes. Like Mrs. Taylor she would work far beyond the call of duty, and always with a super sense of humour.

Mrs. Terry Brown was School Secretary at Slough High School for nineteen years before her transfer to Upton in 1982, when she became Assistant Secretary. It must be very difficult to take second place after being accustomed to the lead role, but Mrs. Brown achieved it, bringing with her the unfailing quiet charm which I remember was always a characteristic of the High School office whenever I went over to scrounge stage lights. She quickly established at Upton the same reputation for unflappable efficiency and real helpfulness and was always entrusted with the most important typing tasks, like University references, where real care and accuracy was essential.

Unlike many schools Upton has been really fortunate in having a full-time Matron. Whether we shall continue to do so after the departure from the area of our present Matron Mrs. Anne Kidd remains to be seen. Her job has brought her into direct contact with students as well as staff and the debt that we all owe her is immense. Sympathetic and caring, many are the hours she has devoted to the patient counselling of those with real problems and her advice has always been worth following - even though malingerers may sometimes have found it unpalatable! She too established herself as a hard worker, undertaking a heavy clerical load in addition to her medical duties.

#### THE FAMOUS FIVE (cont'd)

Finally we come to one of the great 'characters' with a place in the legends of the School, Mrs. Pamela Miller, the Head Master's (and School) Secretary. She joined the Grammar School as part-time Library assistant, moving to the Office soon after Mr. Painter was appointed to the Headship, and continuing there after the formation of Upton. Tirelessly energetic and with awesome efficiency, she has driven herself very hard, despite health problems, in her desire to see the School functioning at its best, and it is a tribute to her determination and strength of will that she was (virtually) never absent. There is almost no area of school life in which her organisational skill and fine eye for detail have not made their mark and she will be truly irreplaceable. Setting herself the highest of standards, often working many hours at home in the evenings and holidays in addition to the fullest of days at school, she expected standards from others too. This did not prevent her showing a genuine concern and sympathy for anyone who was in difficulty or needed help.

Well, ladies, so many are your individual kindnesses to present and past members of the School that they outnumber, in the Roman poet's words 'the grains of sand in the silphium-bearing Sahara'. Without you Upton can never be the same: from us, our thanks and our very best wishes. We shall miss you all.

D.A.R.

#### OLD PALS' REUNION

Last year in March, Upton Grammar was the scene of a very large scale reunion celebrating the seventy-five years history of Slough Secondary School which became the two single sex schools Slough Grammar and Slough High, which merged to form the present Upton Grammar. Over four hundred people enjoyed a delicious lunch and others came to join in the celebrations in the afternoon.

Following this success a much smaller reunion was held on March 19th this year. About eighty people came to enjoy a light tea and to catch up on the gossip of several years. It is interesting to realise what fond memories of school and staff the older generation treasures and how much they appreciate the opportunity to meet their contemporaries.

It is obvious that the present generation does not view school in quite the same light! - and this is reflected in the lack of interest shown in the ex-pupils association. Without younger people coming in, the Old Pals' Association will die out as we do!

Barbara Dixon



## GRAY HOUSE

December 1987 marked the end of an era for Gray House. It was in this month that we said farewell to Mr. Gray House himself - F.E. Dutton. Pupils past and present are unable to think of Gray House without thinking of Mr. Dutton.

It was fourteen years ago when I first joined Slough Grammar School and was placed in Gray House under the protective wing of Mr. Dutton. In those days we both had a head of long dark hair.

The afternoons in winter were cold and wet. The other Heads of Houses were in the staffroom, blankets over their knees and a warm mug of tea in their hands. A lone figure could be seen striding across Lascelles playing fields to the far corner where the boys were playing in their inter-house match. The wind was beating in his face and the skies let out a threatening rumble. His shoes collected soil samples worthy of the Biology department - an ounce (28 gms) of mud with every stride.

Finally he would arrive at the pitch and take his position on the touchline. There he would inspire the team often to great heights. He would wince at every wasted opportunity, mumble at every mistimed tackle, curse the coating of glue on the opposing keeper's gloves and fume at the fumbles of our own goalkeeper. At the end of the match he would walk back with the team, discussing tactics for the next match and hoping for a less biased referee. The wind would have changed direction by now and tears could be seen meandering down his face. He would arrive back at the staffroom and enter, wearing a broad smile. It was a smile that told the whole story - Gray House had lost the match.

By the end of that decade Mr. Dutton had learned most of the rules of football. It was more difficult than learning German but he now understood offside, handball, obstruction - in fact you could say he knew the rules backwards - which of course qualifies him to referee a Hampden match since they play most of their games backwards.

In 1981 we merged with Slough High - Girls arrived in Gray House and they introduced Mr. Dutton to the rules of hockey. He was out there again in the biting wind experiencing backsticks, turning, short corners, long corners and a goalkeeper wearing cricket pads. He has learned much about sport from the pupils of Gray.

Mr. Dutton never openly claimed to know a great deal about sport - this type of teacher is a menace to all pupils. They would have preferred to be sportsmen or sportswomen, but ended up being teachers. They prance about the corridors in their flared tracksuits demanding one hundred per cent effort from their players and bullying them into turning out for the House. This was never Mr. Dutton's style. He would ask for volunteers and the pupils would respond in large numbers.

So, on behalf of all those who have been on a soccer pitch, cricket pitch, hockey pitch, those who have run, jumped, putted, changed batons, changed lanes or changed socks for Mr. Dutton, those who have been taught

## GRAY HOUSE (cont'd)

by him, those who have persuaded him not to teach them so they could watch the House matches, those who have helped with the fete and the Christmas party and those who have starred in the plays what he wrote - we would all like to thank him for everything he has done for the House.

And what of the Gray House Spirit now? Well the first match under the new manager was about to start. The opposition was there, the referee was there, the cheer leaders were waiting - there was no Gray House team. This lack of communication has been sorted out now and we look forward to a continuation of the Gray House Spirit in all the House activities. Even though we will be losing the Torture Brothers and supporting cast, there is still plenty of talent to take their place next year.

The football teams are looking in great shape, Brian. The enthusiasm is frightening within the girls' hockey and badminton teams and the House points continue to roll in. The future looks as bright as it ever was.

May the Spirit be with you.

P.R.



## HAMPDEN HOUSE

*The main thrust of House activities tends to be on the games field. Thus, Hampden members were involved in a plethora of inter-House matches. Pride of place goes to the Fourth Year girls, winners of volleyball and indoor hockey. The Fifth Year girls also won their badminton games.*

*Many others represented the House, with very respectable performances in Senior Soccer, Hockey (both sexes), Basketball and Junior Soccer, Hockey and Basketball. A great debt is owed to those who played and particularly those who organised the teams, notably Lucy Cowan, Michael Buckley, James Wordham, Mario Stylianou and Clare Viney.*

*The Upper Sixth with the honourable exception of Lucy Cowan, did not possess a single games player. They made their contribution in other ways, however. Rajanpal Uppal was always prominent in Parents' Association affairs, especially the Fete. Wajid Hamid and Lucy Cowan, as Head Boy and Girl of the School, made many contributions. The Upper Sixth were very prominent in the multi-cultural evening.*

*The Lower Sixth were involved in many activities, drama (notably Matthew Perret), music, Old People's Party and Parents' Association affairs. Elizabeth Osborne, Miriam Fredrickson, Heather Moyes and Annabel Trebski seem to be active in just about everything, notably the Old People's Party and musical events. Many members of the House contributed to "Carousel". Raja Khurana was prominent in the Young Enterprise project, to which Philip Wainman, Heather Moyes and Geoffrey Rowley also made valuable contributions.*

The Fifth Form and Fourth Form were prominent in games. Trevor Argrave, Lee Cook, Jason Donovan, John Fullam, Judy Barry, Bronwen Hughes, Caroline Parker, Mario Stylianou, Wayne Lloyd, Christopher McCarthy, Clare Viney and Purnima Thakhar all deserve an honourable mention.

Opportunities at the lower end of the House are not too easy to come by, but the Second Year won most House points for their effort and work.

A great deal of praise is due to the House Tutors. Perhaps anticipating future events, the Hampden Staff was a matriarchy, Mrs. Hurst enjoyed her time with the Upper Sixth: Mrs. Riches continued her uniquely successful career with the Fifts: Mrs. Broadgate brought out the best in the Fourth Year group, while Mrs. Cater and Miss Darling made sure that the Third and Second Year started off on the straight and narrow. As for the Lower Sixth, who claim never to have kept a tutor for more than one year, they will not get rid of me so easily, now they have me so well trained.

It is pleasing to see so many members of Hampden involved in school activities. There is a great deal on offer for those willing to become involved.

To all those, pupils and staff, who have done so much, I give my grateful thanks.

D.J.B.

## RSCHEL HOUSE

House activities started early this school year with the Fete, in which Herschel had a very successful sweet and cake stall. We were grateful for the many home-baked contributions which helped us to raise one of the highest totals and, as usual, there were plenty of supporters to help sell the goodies.

Although we were unable to raise teams in all sporting events we came first overall in the Boys' Section and did quite well in the senior Hockey and Junior Basketball winning both these contests. Mark Spencer did volunteer to be the whole football team but unfortunately his selfless courage was not enough to raise our goal average above zero! It is a pity that we were not represented in some sporting areas, however, and it is to be hoped that in future Herschel will be able to field complete teams.

The performances of "Carousel" were enhanced by the efforts of Lisa Sibley, Rebecca Lynn and Rhonda Fleming and we were proud of the performance of one of the leading ladies - Leigh Mason. It would have been encouraging to see more members of the House coming forward to take part. Where are the male dancers in Herschel, I wonder? Thanks are also due to the noble band of sceneshifters, many of whom were members of Herschel. Well done lads!

The senior and junior sports' days are still to come and we are sure

## HERSCHEL HOUSE (cont'd)

that once again our representatives will do their best.

We have to say goodbye to the Upper Sixth members who have worked hard to whip up enthusiasm and raise teams, sometimes against the odds.

Special thanks to our captain Colin Baughan, Rajen Gohil and Joanne Fuell and to all the others in 62He., who have been unfailingly helpful and pleasant and to whom we extend our good wishes for the future.

The mantle of responsibility will now fall on 61 and a glance at the form list is sufficient to suggest that there is there the potential to ensure even more success for 1988-89, but remember that however good and enthusiastic your House captain and committee may be and however hard they work it is on you that the success of the House depends. Let us be known as the House noted for the dynamism and enthusiasm of all its members!

She who must be obeyed.

## ILTON HOUSE.

All together now!

"Red is the colour, Milton is the name".

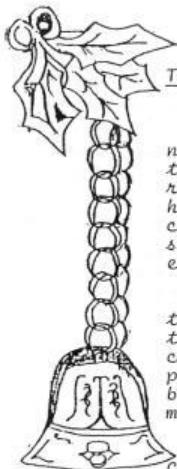
A suitably challenging start for the House that reaches the parts other Houses can't reach!

With a further increase this year in the number of inter-House sporting activities, our team members, encouraged by the elected captains, nobly turned out, as always, to participate - even when other commitments sometimes caused problems. We had our fair share of victories too. House assemblies have continued, the most memorable being our special Christmas meeting: this year we were treated to some fine seasonal music from Sarah Nicholson and Gail Whittaker and a programme of moving readings.

We like to see Miltonians deeply involved in all aspects of the life of the School and there are many who deserve mention. Chief amongst these must be the Deputy Head Girl, Baljinder Hothi, for her splendid efforts in arranging the Sixth Form Multi-cultural Entertainment Evening and for her beautiful dancing which we shall miss. Our House Captains this year, Monica Joglekar and Andrew Colley, have been worthy leaders. Eddie Wong organised a lunch time concert to raise funds for the sponsored children and the Blind, and contributed a vigorous Kung Fu demonstration to the Sixth Form Show. The Schools' victorious Road Safety Team was composed entirely of Milton's Fifth forms and the musical "Carousel" had not only Miss Dewar but also Alex Musson in major roles; Amy Tweddle, Stephen Clarke, Tina Knee, Samantha Rowntree, Julia Page, Lorraine Boland and Howard Englert all gave distinctive performances also. If we failed to mention Mark Turner's work on the excellent set he'd only complain - so we'll mention him! Hi, Mark! This very magazine is enlivened but Christina Lam's artistic contributions.

To all these and other other energetic Miltonians - our thanks; to those who have looked after Milton forms - our congratulations. (You survived!) A very special "thank you" to Mr. Fallows - a Miltonian for more years than he would like to remember, a staunch supporter of the House and a vigorous cheer leader of our teams from the 'touch-line' ("come on, Milton! Let's have another one!") before he took responsibility for 6 General - and to Mr. Thistlewood who has done so much for the House and the School. We shall miss these two distinctive stylists and wish them a long and happy retirement. And now, of course, "It's a good evening from her and good evening from him".





### THE CAROL SERVICE

There is one fact which should be known because not all my readers will know it; the significance of this fact needs to be pointed out because not all my readers may have realised it. The Carol Service was held within a few weeks of a very demanding school concert and yet within those few weeks the same high standard had been achieved. Mrs. Dibden's legendary enthusiasm had triumphed again!

However it takes more than an enthusiastic teacher to make a carol service and we should be glad that so many staff and pupils are prepared to be carried along by this enthusiasm and to make such pleasing music. Such experience at school can often be the beginning of a lifetime of enjoyment in making music.

As this was a Carol Service and not a Carol Concert our thanks spread wider and the team is enlarged to include the Reverend A. R. Cullingworth who conducted the service, Malcolm Stowell the organist, the staff and pupils who read the lessons with their accustomed clarity under the watchful eye of Mr. Roberts, the senior pupils who showed people to their places and also took the collection, and the clergy and officials of St. Mary's for letting us use the church and who helped us with practicalities like lighting and acoustics.

We managed to achieve a compromise this year by holding the service in the church, which does indeed have splendid acoustics, and by repeating part of it in school on the last day of term. This was extremely effective and people listened very attentively in spite of its being the last day of term!

Our thanks to the soloists - perhaps the most nerve racking task of the evening! - Miriam Frederickson in the opening carol and Neil Ringrose and Matthew Harris in Good King Wenceslas. There is always a pleasant freshness about the junior choir singing Riding on a Donkey; Silent Night seems to be a favourite with the choir; De Virgin Mary had a Baby Boy carries us along with the joy of the negro spiritual; and finally for me the most moving (and I know that I am not alone in thinking this) The Infant King. Apologies if your favourite carol has not got a mention, but there were a lot of good things to choose from.

M. J. THISTLEWOOD



### DALE FIELD TRIP REPORT

WEDNESDAY, 24th March

Mrs. Sullivan said farewell to Pedwar and left Slough with her group of eleven unruly Upper Sixth biology students, namely Monica, Parmjit, Wajid, Rajanpal, Rajen, John, Paul, Julian, Ravi, Bhups and myself. On our long British Rail journey, background music was supplied by Ravi with his 60's mix, including such hits as Tom Jones. At Milford Haven, we bundled out of the baggage compartment and into a coach to take us to Dale village, then walked uphill along a daffodil bedecked path to the iron gates. Inside the ancient fort we were greeted by yet more daffodils, lots of steps and our director of studies. He obviously had much marine experience and became known by us as "Ye Ancient Mariner". He administered his orders in the library (which had a wide selection of good reference books). Under the list of 'don'ts' came the renowned pub, glorified in previous reports. He also made the following forecast: "You'll hate the first day, enjoy the second, and won't want to leave on the last!"

More advice came from Steve our Tutor who seemed well used to our Director's welcoming manner and tried to explain that it wouldn't be so bad. We soon made up our own minds!

Fortunately we got the modern block, only two students to each centrally heated room. We all slept quite well then - except Paul, because some child had placed a spider in his bed!

THURSDAY

After breakfast at 8.00, there ensued a loony lecture by Steve, all about spring tides, neap tides and their relationships with heavenly bodies. Then we put on our protective gear and clambered down to the shore resembling lollipop persons, or perhaps a luminous masked murderer in Ravi's case. In mixed teams we familiarised ourselves with the various forms of marine and public school life. Reports of working till 1.00 a.m. are lies. Parmjit, Mon and I turned in at 12.45, so there!

FRIDAY

Today the lecture was on a subject more familiar to 'A' level students. We tramped onto a different shore, this time armed with equipment for a more accurate survey. I, the world's greatest mollusc hater, somehow became known as the 'snail expert', but thank goodness it wasn't me Rajanpal called Limpet-brain!

SATURDAY

"Weekend" became a dirty word as we awoke at our usual time, ready for the notorious Sand-hopper hunt.

That evening Ravi posed for a rather flattering portrait, much to everyone's amusement.

SUNDAY

We were supposed to have the luxury of one hour's lie-in, however, 9.00 was now 8.00 thanks to British Summer Time, so we didn't feel the



DALE FIELD TRIP REPORT (cont'd)

benefit! Plus the joy of finding toothpaste in our wellies.

We began our two-day project in which John and Julian exhibited sadistic tendencies towards crabs. Various incidents with shaving foam were noted.

The only thing inhibiting total chaos was the work load.

MONDAY

Our first rainy day. Here we realised what glorious weather we had so far had.

TUESDAY

Dreaded deadline for assessment. Hence many panicking students diligently completing a whole week's work. Next, a tiring but beautiful walk along the coast path. Most agreed that we could all be really fit with all this exercise if we didn't all stuff ourselves here!

Our last activity was a 'fun' role-playing debate where Wajid was ruthless and Mon was bored. However we all made up for our sins by presenting Steve with a chocolate egg.

A new Juke-box was installed that evening which might actually work by the time next year's lot arrive.

Night. No more work. No further comment, not even to mention Bhups and the toothpaste!

WEDNESDAY

Jane, not being involved in any escapades at all, was first to wake up, help everyone else to pack (though she had efficiently organised her own stuff last night) and, her usual punctual self, was first to reach the coach. (She was not wearing her pyjama top at all!) Steve tearfully waved goodbye, saying UGS was the best school he knew.

Seriously, we all found the trip a very interesting experience, and we would also like to thank Mrs. Sullivan for her tremendous endurance of our company throughout.

JANE OSBORNE 62M

GEOGRAPHY FIELD TRIP TO THE ISLE OF ARRAN

It was eight o'clock on a Saturday morning, when we arrived at Slough train station, eager for the start of our trip. From the events of the first day, omens for a successful trip were not good. Firstly Joanne, who had forgotten the key to her suitcase, was apprehensive about being the only girl. Dean could not open his car boot and began to panic. On

GEOGRAPHY FIELD TRIP (cont'd)

the platform, we learnt that our train to London had been cancelled. We finally arrived thirteen hours later, after a taxi dash to Euston, a train journey to Ardrossan, changing at Glasgow, a ferry ride to the island and a bus ride to the field centre. At Ardrossan the ferry had spun through 520 degrees, in reduced power, in a strong wind, narrowly avoiding destroying itself and three of the harbour's walls, along with our confidence in the skills of the British at sea.

After breakfast on our first morning, we met Tina the instructor and for Jeff, "Captain Arran" Taylor, it was love at first sight, aah!! Owing the the pubs being closed, we started our study with a ten-mile walk to familiarise ourselves with the geography, landforms and vegetation of the island. This included walking through a peat bog where Dean "A.N.Z.A.C." Cook went down in a big way! All day we had found ourselves being pursued by a large American tourist armed with baseball cap, camera and binoculars. At the centre we worked long into the night, as on all other nights, recording our observations and preparing for the next day.

The river studies day provided yet another long walk, but this time only about six miles. So we donned our wellies and waterproofs and set out for the river. Our experiments included throwing dye into the river, to measure the river's speed. We also measured width and depth to help us with that evening's calculations. We waited "half-an-hour" for one measurement before Joanne remembered to switch a salt-measuring machine onto the correct scale!

We spent the next morning looking at glaciation effects and river migration. On the way back, we stopped off at a rock pool, where the boys stripped down to their y-fronts and jumped in, not realising how cold it was. Disaster struck as Colin's hair flopped. At a distance we saw the American tourist was still following us. Who is this man?

After a session in the classroom, coastal studies took us to the beach. Colin fancied himself as a bit of a Nick Faldo and became very involved in a game of golf until he broke his metre rule. The rest of us spent all afternoon basking in the sun, counting and measuring pebbles!

Wednesday started with coastal work in the classroom. After lunch we studied soil types. At this stage of the week, blisters made walking uncomfortable, and many of us suffered sunburnt necks, arms and noses. We had however lost the American tourist.

The final day of the course arrived and yet more walking. This was our day of glaciation study, where we ended up climbing to a height of about twelve hundred feet. We hiked over and up a running river and over a dry river course, which was sweaty work, as the weather was so warm. The effort of the week began to take its toll, Simon was hobbling and Joanne hurt her leg, making her unable to walk down again. Therefore the fit boys (Dean, Jeff, Colin and Dave) had to carry her down by piggy-back! On the way down we stopped off at a small lake (tarn) where Dean decided to go for a swim. Far off in the distance, strode the dark, mysterious American tourist.

#### GEOGRAPHY FIELD TRIP (cont'd)

Our last day gave us the luxury of a lie-in. We did not get up until eight o'clock! Chock (Simon) was upset to be leaving his lovely bedroom, perfumed by John's aromatic socks, but was even more upset to discover the size of Jo's bedroom. We played golf most of the day, before reaching the ferry to go home. After a slight argument with British Rail, we arrived back at Slough, at about seven o'clock Saturday morning, tired and exhausted. Mr. Irvine had been nowhere to be seen all trip. However, we spotted our friendly American tourist, going home as well from Slough.

The weather on Arran had been terrific all week. Many of us had caught sunbans. The study centre had been excellent. The food at the centre was also good and the staff terrific. Everything contributed to an excellent week of study. Many thanks must go to a certain American tourist, who arranged the trip and helped make it such a good week.

C. BAUGHAN, D. BEST, D. COOK,  
J. ENGLISH, J. FUELL, S. GARRY  
and J. TAYLOR.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### MAGICAL HAT OF FIREWORKS

*The whirl of the swirl,  
Like popcorn going pop,  
The scream of the girl,  
A glitter zooming shot.*

*The fountain of a twinkle,  
Volcanoes to explode,  
Then turn into a crinkle,  
And fall into the road.*

*The bingle and the bangle,  
The lashing and the washing,  
The tingle and the tangle  
Up your spin begins to sing.*

*Surprise of Jumping Jacks,  
Rockets in a row,  
Catherine Wheels stuck on tacks,  
Look, look, watch them go!!*

Saloni Seth 2M

#### MUSIC CONCERT

*Last year's music concert was indeed difficult to better, however, the school's variety of talented musicians succeeded, under Mrs. Dibden, and treated us to further musical delights.*

*The whole affair was well organised and each performance well enjoyed; there were even some eager beady-eyed young business persons from the Young Enterprise Group at the door to cash in on the success.*



*The show opened with the School Band, made up of many sprightly, young, energetic artists, full of enthusiasm and Mr. D. Thompson ....*

*.... There were many solo performers, also of a high standard, quite apparent by the audience's appreciation, - Cathy Jones, guitar; Matthew Harris, trumpet; Tracy McCarthy, piano; Matthew Davies, clarinet; Dorothea Hodge, clarinet; Nicola Ward, piano; Sarah Nicholson, flute.*

*Wow! I used to be quite chuffed at getting my clammy fingers around a plastic recorder for a few minutes!*

*But the brilliance did not end here. No way! There were quite a few artists eager to vibrate their vocal chords to the audience's delight.*

*The Barber Shop Group were in great voice with the "Whiffenpoof Song" (great title, huh) and "I got shoes".*

*Nicola Parnell and Caroline Mahon formed a great duet; Toby Parlour and James "Elvis" Austen (the latter accompanied by Mr. Williamson on guitar), gave entertaining solo pieces.*

*During the course of the show we were also treated to a "Medley of Gershwin Songs" sung by Dorothea Hodge, Jane Osborne, Matthew Davies, Michael Jewell and Neil Ringrose, accompanied by Paul Tuck (on Bass), Mr. Thompson (on Piano) and Alex Musson (Percussion).*

MUSIC CONCERT (cont'd)

*We were given a taste of "42nd Street" by the Junior Choir. Raman assured me that the performance was 'worth every second of practice', and believe me they put in a lot of practice!*

*The School Choir, accompanied by the Orchestra provided a spectacular finale - "The Little Organ Mass".*

*How can next year's concert top this I have no doubt Mrs. Dibden and Co. will work on it!*

A. WAJID HAMID 62HA  
RAMAN AULAKH 2HE

\* \* \* \* \*

THE FIFTH OF FEBRUARY

COMIC RELIEF

First there was an upside down assembly. After the prayer and notices, Mr. Rogers told a story to an imaginary Nursery School class (George, don't do that ....), and was interrupted by three earnest Third Formers and their rendition of Baa Baa Black Sheep. Mr. Thistlewood, ever ready to face a challenge, sang a Handel love song.

And then there was That Friday. Had the Upton World gone mad? The early morning Lascelles Road Joggers and dog walkers looked askance as maroon blazers appeared topped by Big Red Noses. Had everyone turned into overnight alcoholics? (No - just the Sixth Form ..... ) Dramatic posters festooned the lower corridor and in the H.E. room Francis Hernandez and Chris Lamb of 3 Herschel battled furiously against the Upton How-Many-Cream-Crackers-Can-You-Eat-In-Three-Minutes Record and spluttered to new heights with 5½ and 6 1/4 respectively! Gareth Jones of 3 Milton for once was silent. Andy Colley and Wajid Hamid, with Lucy Cowan's encouragement, disappeared on urgent nose gathering forays. Throughout break in the Hall explosions raged and tomato ketchup flowed free as all manner of grisly torments were unleashed upon a not too unsuspecting audience by the world famous TORTUOUS BROTHERS (he of half a beard and moustache and he of the natty line in stockings and suspenders). Did you know that an electric razor could be so painful?

But all this was as nothing compared with the lunchtime revels. Sponsored football flourished in the playground and sponsored kisses in the vestibule. Francis and Chris sank beneath a stream of cold chicken soup and baked beans, and all manner of wondrous beings clad in gorgeous costume of boxer shorts or grass skirt began to appear as the beat of the Hats and Noses Disco resounded in the Hall. Bruce was barbered. And just who were that dashing couple of unusually large Fourth Formers who,

THE FIFTH OF FEBRUARY (cont'd)

when sent to the Head Master, gave Mr. Painter the shock of the day? Nor must we forget the other big question: Did Matthew Hodgson win his 50p bet by getting eight good comments in his report book in one day?

In the end the day itself - without counting the sponsorship and sales of noses - realised over £150 for Comic Relief's effort for Ethiopia and young people in crisis in Britain. Ravinder Bansal alone raised over £274 in sponsorship and we are expecting a final total of around £500. A splendid achievement and all produced with the greatest good humour. A credit to yourselves, people. Well done!

D.A.R.

"ELIJAH"

*I should be very surprised if anyone who took part in the singing of "Elijah" in the Albert Hall on Wednesday March 30th doesn't retain the memory of it for the rest of their days. It was certainly one of the most memorable occasions of my life and I am very grateful to Mrs. Dibden for giving us the opportunity of taking part.*

*For me one of the most fascinating things was to observe how a large performance like this is organised - about 1000 singers and a reasonable sized orchestra. Richard Hickman the County Music Director was our conductor.*

*We learned our parts at our several schools - at Upton under the guidance of Mrs. Dibden ably assisted by Mr. Thompson. Then we had two local area rehearsals under the guidance of Richard Hickman. With a larger group it was possible to get a better impression of how the work would sound and then we realised that it was going to be an exciting experience.*

*We left school on the day at 1 p.m. and got to the Albert Hall in good time for the afternoon rehearsal which lasted three hours! The choir seemed to be everywhere from near the orchestra to right up in the gods. We were all allocated changing rooms where we had our refreshments.*

*The Concert began at 7.30 p.m. and was in aid of the British Council for the Prevention of Blindness. The first half was given by various Berkshire Youth Orchestras and Bands and one or two Upton pupils took part in this as well as the "Elijah" performance. It was nice to be able to sit and watch and listen and the performance was of a very high quality.*

*The second half consisted of "Elijah Part 1" and from what I gather it went very well. I certainly enjoyed myself and I know many others did.*

*The behaviour of the pupils was a credit to the School both in general conduct and in the hard work and commitment which they put into the rehearsals and performance. Well done!*

M.J. THISTLEWOOD



### THE BIG JOB - ROAD SAFETY '88

There was a mean glint in the eyes of El Capitan and Number Two: last year they had run a successful raid on the Town Hall and now, in '88, it was time for the Big Job. Top Secret Meetings were held in the Godfather's Lair - codename 31 - and the team was recruited. Fearless Fred and Sue the Mascot, Dave the Dodger and Miracle Manjit. They were put through a ruthless programme of fitness training and meticulous planning: the law was studied and tasks assigned.

Then a trial run. A dust-up with St. Joseph's Boys. There wasn't room for both of us. We moved into their territory, Miss Baker and Mr. Rogers at the wheels of the getaway cars. They tried a fast one: the killer coffee! But with our heat ray protectors ready fitted we survived, and after a close tussle we zapped 'em by 105 points to 101.

As the day of the Big Job drew near there were some nervy moments; Sue had a run in with a hostile horse, Dave the Dodger fell foul of a marauding microbe and Fred became even dodgier than Dave. Could Miracle Manjit successfully impersonate them all on The Day? Despite rumours that Jonathan the Bruce, the Phantom Window Tapper was at large El Capitan and Number Two kept coolly confident.

Friday 4th March, 7 p.m. at the Town Hall with the Mayor presiding. We repeated our customary tactic: let the opposition (the Langley Lot) have their heads in the first round (33-31) and then move in for the kill. The final score was 91-85 to us. We scooped up the silverware (the Chamber of Commerce Cup) and, pausing only to sign the Mayor's Visiting Book, smile for the cameras and size up the rest of the Town Hall Treasures, moved on to celebratory champagne and chips at the Wimpy. Yes, well, Macdonald's was rebuilding . . . .

\* \* \*

Our thanks to the Mayor, Cllr. Bob Prosser, for his hospitality and the School's thanks to our splendid winning team: El Capitan (Sarah Nicholson), Number Two (Gail Whittaker), Fearless Fred (Paul Elliott), Dave the Dodger (David Page), Sue the Mascot (Suzanne Morris) and Miracle Manjit (Manjit Sahota). Whether there will be further competitions remains to be seen. The School is also the current holder of the Thames Valley Police Championship and the Clearway Trophy but it seems that the future of both is in doubt. They have provided valuable publicity for the Road Safety cause and it will be a great pity if they are to be discontinued.

D.A.R.

### AN EVENING OF LIGHT ENTERTAINMENT

Just before the Christmas holidays, an audience of parents and friends was amused and delighted by three short comedies presented by a group of third year students and some sixth formers, directed by Mr. Fallows.



In "Sitting on Top of the World", we saw Leena Sarin and Howard Englert playing two stolid British labourers, calmly chewing sandwiches on the twenty-third floor, determined to have their full break even if a bomb alert and a circus drama were going on around them. The black comedy mounted as Stacey Hames' policewoman tried to alert the men to their danger, and met an untimely end. Again, Snoop and his sidekick Clunk, played by Gurjinder Sandhu and Navdip Sandhu with long suffering patience, failed to influence the sandwich eaters.

Our sense of disbelief rose delightfully at the posings of Vijay Rajput's vain Goliath and his devoted wife, played by Hilary Thorpe in red cape and tights. Our laughter increased at the entrance of the vengeful bearded lady, Cathy James with beard and gun! Some of the audience were still stunned the next morning by the sad fate of all but Bill and Fred, still talking about "the missus" while everyone else met the end of the world.

## Doing the Oral

The next play took the lid off "Doing the Oral", mercilessly exposing the inadequacies of an exam system knowingly worked by Nicola Ward's canny examinee who succeeds while Nigel Fox's honest teenager's challenge to the system fails. As the soliloquizing examiner, Stephen Clarke held the audience's attention well, and Nicola's piano playing was a pleasing bonus.

Finally, we were allowed a peep into a school Rugby team's changing room in "Boots an' all", while the poor coach was countering their assessment of the indestructible opposition. Matthew Perret held this

AN EVENING OF LIGHT ENTERTAINMENT (cont'd)

# Boots An' All

well rehearsed prophecies of mangled disaster in ever more chilling forms. Tracey Liennard's fatalist interjected wry comments on their chances while the Reserves, played by Geeta Rajput and Shazra Hasan, tried to encourage and comfort their increasingly desperate coach. A nice amusing touch was the reporter for the School Magazine running a book on who would be felled first, as well as on how badly they would lose!

Mr. Fallows and his hard working team of actors, helped with the production by Matthew Perret, are to be congratulated on giving us delightful live entertainment no further away than our own School hall - warmed at least by gusts of laughter!

E.H.

\* \* \* \* \*

## SKIING

It was 6.30 a.m. on Sunday, February 21st, when the coach left Upton and we were bound for Bulgaria again. It hardly seemed a year ago when we were last there. A whole year's teaching had gone by - doesn't time fly when you are having fun? We were waved off by a few hardy parents and a passing paper boy.

The coach met the usual traffic pile-up consistent with Sunday morning driving. What is the best time of the week to drive on Britain's motorways if you wish to avoid a traffic jam? This question must rank highly with all the great puzzles of the universe.

At Stansted airport, once you have handed in your ticket, stepped onto the tarmac and out of the terminal building you are considered no longer the responsibility of the airport authorities. In fact you are not allowed back into the building. This was unfortunate for someone who shall be referred to as Deesee. - He had stepped out into the cold having left his coat and was not allowed to come in from the cold. Luckily there was someone from our party still in the building. This person found a coat, made a few hand signals to Deesee through the glass panel and discovered it was not the missing coat.

On going through the pockets it was discovered that the coat belonged to Teeyem. She hadn't even realised her coat was missing and was on the plane by now. It was obvious it was her coat. Not by the name tag, but by the passport in the inside pocket. The Bulgarian officials, most of whom are ex-Olympic shot-putters with faces moulded from the aforementioned shot,

together very well; we all enjoyed the timing of the team's

## SKIING [cont'd]

would have welcomed her with open arms and seen the funny side of a traveller to their country without a passport.

Anyway, we arrived safely and were informed that there had been a recent



snow fall so we wouldn't be mountain walking, treasure hunting, tiddly winking or sight-seeing as so many schools had done before us this season.

The snow was adequate and during the first few days the Bulgarians were introduced to a more efficient method of stopping than the 'snowplough'. It was invented by Jaydee who received immense pleasure from skiing in a straight line and stopping only when an immovable object such as a tree would interrupt his descent. In the hotel, Ceebee and Emgee were made an offer they couldn't refuse. They changed some sterling for a fistful of Bulgarian sous which turned out

## SKIING [cont'd]

to be Yugoslavian sous practically worthless in Bulgaria. Practically worthless in Yugoslavia. Choked? - A herringbone couldn't have done a better job.

We managed to get a few of the evening entertainments in before the power failure at the end of the week. Swimming, boogying at the disco and tobogganing at which Arsey excelled. The power cut disrupted the hot food service and the leisure activities of the staff but enhanced the leisure activities of the pupils. We had an excellent sing-song and were treated to a selection of Welsh hymns and arias.

Towards the end of the week we had a heavy snowfall - we are talking mega snow. This ruined our enjoyment somewhat since more power lines were down and the workforce - Ivan his name was, could not say how long it would be before the lifts would be working again. Despite this helpful assistance we all managed to take our tests and were presented with our certificates during the last evening.

We finished the holiday with Upton's own presentation evening which included awards for the World International Mega Playboy, for skiing in a straight line, for walking in a straight line and for attempted pulling.

The entertainment then followed. It included various Eddie Edwards impressions and general tom-foolery by the staff, Swanning around Darlings! Then the sixth form male voice choir entertained us and finally we heard the deep voices of the fourth form boys in a naughty little number about three high-ranking army officials.

P.R. with assistance from Roberts -  
Cowell and Rowley.

\* \* \* \* \*

## YOUNG ENTERPRISE 87/88

Young Enterprise is a practical experience for people of ages 15-19 years old. It enables you to learn about business through forming and running your own company. 'Y.E.' reveals your attitude towards life which will help you make the best of the opportunities put before you now and in the future. Through this rare experience you can learn the principles of running a business.

'Y.E.' companies are supported by various organisations. The one which supported us this year was the Southern Electricity Board. Their main purpose is to keep things running smoothly and to deal with any problems which you cannot solve or understand.

You begin by distributing shares and thus having capital to spend. By doing this shareholders are supposed to put their trust in you. If you fail you take full responsibilities for losses. As an average group of twenty members you gain an opportunity to research into the general public demands and methods of selling, keeping your costs as low as possible.

When selling you will receive comments from various teachers (MR. INGER!) Some will not be encouraging, but most of them will be good. At the end, if

## YOUNG ENTERPRISE 87/88 (cont'd)

you are successful you will be able to return the share capital along with a small dividend. You will also be able to receive wages!

Young Enterprise is about creativity, co-operation, motivation, products, quality and most of all communication. It's a challenge!

SUNIL VAID 6GEN.

## 1987/88 MEMBERS

R. Khurana,	A. Hussain,	S. Vaid,	S. Vance,	A. Verma,
Z. Liaqat,	P. Carroll,	P. Wainman,	M. Bergan,	A. Goody.
		*	*	*

## COMMUNITY SERVICE

This year has again been an eventful one for community service.

As usual, members of the Sixth Form spend an afternoon, usually Wednesdays, at various local institutions including schools, nurseries, Upton Hospital, Wexham Park Hospital and also the Special Schools such as The Diagnostic Unit, Park School and Evelyn Fox School.

The Sixth Formers spend the afternoon helping in any way. They might play with the children, read books to them, look after and talk to patients at the hospitals, exercise physically disabled children, in general providing an invaluable and very rewarding service to the community, enjoyed by everyone.

Also a cake sale was organised by the fund-raising committee, proving very successful. The money raised from this and last year's Bed Push was used for the annual Old People's Party.

The preparations for this began a month or so before the actual day, and I must thank everybody who worked so hard in getting everything ready; including those who brought donations of food and other items.

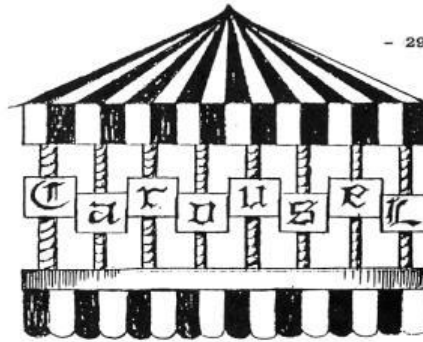
On the day everything went very well. Our guests were entertained by the choir, while we prepared the food in the canteen. By the time the entertainment had ended, everything was ready in the canteen. The food was enjoyed by all, as were the Bingo games and the presents given to everyone at the end. The clearing-up operation began then, and with Mr. Nelson at the sink we soon had everything in ship-shape condition. I must at this point thank Mr. Nelson and Mrs. McCormack for the invaluable help they gave us, also a big thank you to the canteen staff for the loan of the canteen. Thank you also to the choir and especially everyone who stayed behind to clear up.

Our most recent venture was entering the Natwest Bank "Project Respond" Competition. Here a few members of the Sixth Form namely Bhupinder Basra, Malti Dhatt and Zarka Liaqat prepared a file on the community service in which the School is involved. We did very well, and were awarded the sum of one hundred pounds for community service, by Natwest Bank.

I should like to thank and congratulate all those of the sixth form who have given time and energy to community service, knowing however, that they have gained their real reward by seeing their tasks done well and the gratitude of the people whom they have helped.

J.B.





It was last summer that the exciting and daunting idea went round the staff-room, that Mrs. Dibden was mooted a major production incorporating both drama and music, with the usual attendant question - what to do? It took months to hit on "Carousel" - "Carousel"? Rodgers and Hammerstein? Those sweet popular tunes of my youth, early youth, I hasten to add? How would today's young people, and even their parents relate to what might seem to them to be historic period 'operetta'? But in the end, what a happy choice! Yes, there was some sentimentality, not so fashionable nowadays, but played with freshness and conviction, it was not as cloying as I remembered it, and there were also comedy, drama, excitement, some interesting ideas and no ordinary 'happy ending', but a fine uplifting finale, which still left some questions in the mind. So the major revolutionary musicals of the mid-twentieth century are to become the Gilbert and Sullivan, the staple productions of schools in the future.

Any lingering doubts were dispelled, as soon as the house-lights dimmed and we were drawn into the magic world of theatre, into a glittering crowded scene against a bright-coloured backcloth, to the marvellous quirky strains of the "Carousel" waltz. The stage swarmed with people, and we were treated to a piece of mime and movement, with great interest and life in it - a splendid beginning, which set standards for stage discipline, crowd movement and a stunning variety of costume, which was sustained, and continued to surprise and delight throughout a thoroughly enjoyable evening.

Of course, as a musical, we expected high standards of singing and instrumental playing, and as I have so often seen in our school productions, they were there - a good band with many pupils gaining useful experience, and the enthusiastic, spirited singing from chorus and soloists, that we 'ignorami' take so much for granted, without realising the incredible hard work of months before and on the night itself of the directors.

But this year, something else was in store for us - dancing! And with real choreography! Could anyone have foreseen in Upton Grammar a troupe of gifted 'hoofers'? But there they were, in the first half for example, 'busting out all over' with June, dancing with energy and enjoyment. In all the dancing, what was remarkable was the variety and creativity of the choreography and the use that was made of references, to American folk-dance, barn-dance and square-dancing, or the hornpipe in the men's ensemble. In the second half, we saw a nicely-contrasting sequence, when Alex Musson danced so expressively, describing her awkward, lonely character for us, and the following sequence, a mixture of ballet and mime, told the story so vividly of her difficulties in the community.

Finally, to mention a few names, with apologies to those for whom there is no space here! It takes a particular sort of courage for a member of staff to get up on stage with his or her pupils, so three cheers for Miss Dewar, for a nicely-judged characterisation as an American 'boss' woman. She had paid attention to accent and period, and had the steely quality of (dare I say it?) Barbara Stanwyck. Neil Ringrose and Dorothea Hodge gave enthusiastic strong performances, the one as a credible, cynical, not over-melodramatic villain, the other as a lively, high-spirited, extrovert lady in charge of the clam-bake.





## "CAROUSEL" (cont'd)

Michael Jewell gave a delightful, subtle performance as Mr. Snow, with a hint of Jimmy Stewart in the voice, very much rooted in the period as the puritanical, strait-laced paterfamilias (and what a 'familia' as we saw by the end!) Leigh Mason played a lovely Carrie, sunny, warm, full of life and obviously so enjoying the part and the music. For the two main characters, played by Nicola Parnell and

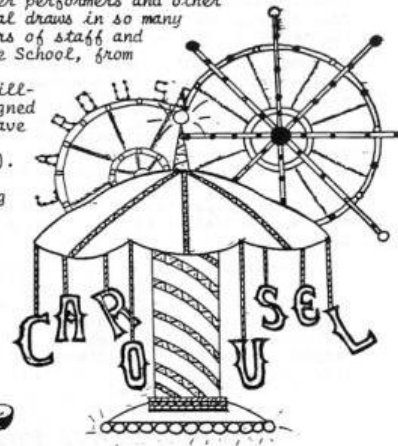
Mr. Baylis, it was a great achievement, both with their singing and their acting, the latter very impressive in his performance of the difficult

'Soliloquy'. Particularly memorable was the first act duet of 'If I loved you', sustained over a considerable time, but utterly convincing in the power of its emotion - only afterwards did one stop to consider that this was a member of staff and a Third Form girl. Nicola gave a very enjoyable performance of someone quite complex - warm and loving, but also independent and strong-willed.

It was obvious from the programme and the long list of people involved that the show was a great co-operative venture, and the principals I have named depended on the support of the other performers and other helpers. A musical draws in so many departments, members of staff and pupils from all the School, from

Second to Sixth Form (including a somewhat ill-fated set construction team, who had designed a beautifully sturdy house front, which gave the audience some unexpected fun but no doubt alarmed cast and back-stage helpers). So, full congratulations from a grateful audience to the whole team, for presenting in such an enthusiastic, positive way a hugely enjoyable show, and from those of us old enough, thanks for the nostalgia, thanks for the memories!

F.E.D.



## Sixth Form Evening.

I was walking round the school at 4.30 the day before the Sixth Form Evening and wherever I looked there were people rehearsing. This seemed to me to sum up the tremendous amount of work of preparation which had gone into the evening. I can also testify that the tape recorder from Room 1 has been borrowed for weeks, indeed months for the purpose of rehearsing the Indian dances.

I liked the opening set by the comperes, who also provided us with some nice touches of comedy. The representative of Indian culture said "Good Evening" and the representative of English culture said "St Sri 'hal". To me this symbolised the appreciation of one another's cultures which was the spirit of the evening.

I am always fascinated and enthralled by Indian dancing - the beauty of the costumes and the grace of movement especially the arms and hands must make it one of the supreme art forms of the world. Many of those taking part will be leaving us this year and I for one would like to thank them for the many occasions when they have entertained us. Fortunately we also saw excellent dancing from lower down the school so our talent is by no means exhausted.

We had some very pleasant singing from the Lower Sixth Group and some well known tunes with suitable backing played for us on the school's keyboard.

The Martial Arts group performed in comic style, which always makes it look so easy. In fact comedy is much harder than straight performance. Likewise we are grateful to those who have entertained us over the years with these skills.

It was nice to see Mrs. Maunder back again to entertain us with some traditional country dancing. Fortunately the 'volunteers' had been well briefed beforehand so we didn't have an awkward pause while waiting for people to go up onto the stage. It was such a good sized audience that we could not use the main floor this time.

The main part of the second half of the evening were the two fashion shows - Eastern and Western. These were extremely efficiently stage-managed and a great credit to the organisers. There was a good variety of traditional and modern costumes.

Our thanks to all the backroom boys and girls who are so willing in the help they give on this, as other occasions and to Mr. Nelson who provided staff advice and encouragement and made sure that the whole performance was master-minded and to the Parents Committee for providing encouragement for the event and refreshments during the interval.

M.J. THISTLEWOOD

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL

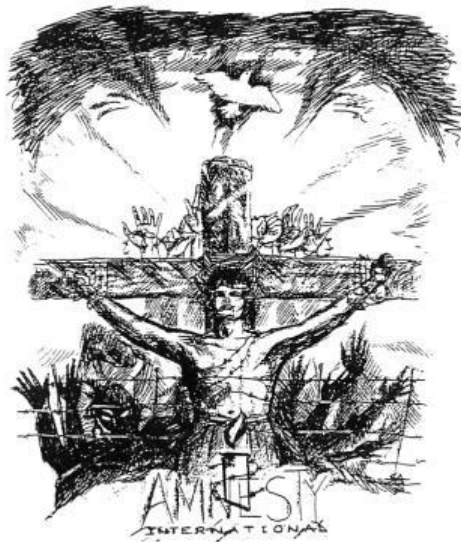
With the deteriorating international situation concerning prisoners of conscience, I was wondering how best to help Amnesty International in its essential work. I discovered that the organisation is very eager to encourage school groups to be set up, so having won the support of both pupils and teachers, the Upton Grammar Amnesty group was born.

Our first meetings were taken up with writing letters to governments and monarchs, pleading for the release of certain prisoners. Then, over the Christmas period, we wrote letters to the prisoners themselves, letting them know they were not forgotten and that they had support all over the world.

The group is now small, but every member is committed whole-heartedly to Amnesty's cause, and we are working on an assembly to encourage more members. Letter-writing does work, and it is very satisfying when we receive replies.

I believe the group is very worthwhile and hope it will continue for as long as necessary, until the imprisonment of innocent people who happen to oppose their governments is a very rare occurrence. At the moment, all too many people are locked up, tortured and killed for no reason other than for their religion or that their opinions differ from those of the authorities. I hope more people will realise the importance of this, and join us in room 17 on Fridays at 12.30.

MIRIAM FREDRICKSON 61HA



Imagine that you are a poet, who wrote without permission from your Government, writing them so that your poems would be read abroad. Also, you were arrested for being in a peaceful demonstration that was broken up violently by the police. You saw people wounded or dying in the street as you were led away.

You were put in prison. There was no trial, so you didn't know how long you were going to be there, or if you would ever be released. You have heard stories of the authorities taking away people that are never seen again. They already know you because of your poems, written against the Government.

You are thrown into a dirty, unfurnished cell, which is freezing for most of the time. You hear people being tortured. You don't know how they will treat you.

They do torture you, giving you electric shocks of high voltage, and beatings with a truncheon. They drum it into you that you are wrong, what the Government does is for the good of the people, so don't get in their way. The individual is unimportant.

As you sit there in your cell, you feel guilty, you feel like a criminal. After all, why do they go to this trouble if you are not? Your crime? Being yourself, saying what you believe, even listening to others who agree with you. Some part of your character is being denied, because it is against the law. No one out there can help, for they are in a prison of their own, living in fear of those around them who would listen and then report what they say.

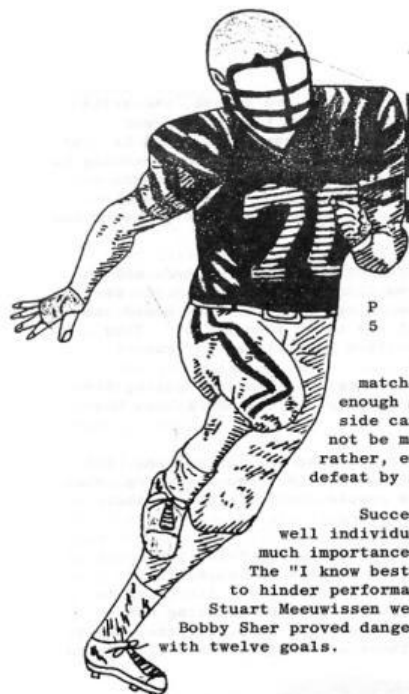
You wish that you had never been born. You hate yourself for being so foolish. You know that even when you are released, you could be picked up again later, and be put through the same treatment.

When you are finally released, you live in permanent fear. Never again will you write, say, or listen to words that are said against your oppressors. A part of you has been effectively 'murdered'.

Thousands of people live this life, millions if you count all the people in these countries. Most are treated a lot worse than the one above. The prisoners of conscience need your help, you can't ignore their pleas. You would soon complain if you led their lives, but the difference is that you are even encouraged to complain whilst they can't.







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#### U-13 SOCCER

P	W	D	L	F	A
5	1	1	3	27	16

Although this squad only played five matches throughout the season, it did produce enough good football to suggest that a reasonable side can develop for the future. Too much should not be made of the 16-0 defeat of Burnham Secondary; rather, encouragement should be taken from the narrow defeat by a very talented Langley Grammar Side.

Success next season will depend much upon how well individual players perform together and upon how much importance is given to the team unit as a whole. The "I know best" attitude of one or two players did tend to hinder performances. Nicholas Brown, Richard Bare and Stuart Meeuwissen were all effective in midfield at times. Bobby Sher proved dangerous up front, topping the scoring list with twelve goals.

N.A.B.

#### U-14 SOCCER

P	W	D	L	F	A
13	9	2	2	67	19

This squad has had another excellent season and has easily been the most successful of the junior sides. For the second successive year, the side reached the final of the Slough and District Cup only to lose 6-4 to Langleywood, our conquerors of twelve months ago. Only one other defeat was suffered when we lost by a single goal to Windsor in the County Cup quarter-final replay.

Particularly encouraging this season has been the determination shown by the players in the winning and keeping of possession. James Cooke has had a very good season while Nick Sanders has also grown in stature as a central defender. Lee Cotsford has worked hard in midfield, creating several chances for the front three and scoring twelve goals himself. Mark Walters was top-scorer with fourteen.

N.A.B.

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#### U-15 SOCCER

P	W	D	L	F	A
7	2	0	5	17	21

The team lacked all-round strength although Adam Poole and Wayne Lloyd both demonstrated a good deal of skill. Upton however, would always have to work hard for any success and while there was some excellent effort and commitment, it was not consistently applied by all eleven players all the time. Leo Donovan and Bradley Wren showed the determination required in all the games.

#### Regular Players were:

Avery, Poole, Donovan, Wren, Stock, Lloyd, Sucksmith, Simpson, Walls, Majorel, Stylianou, Hodgson.

M.W.

#### U-16 SOCCER

P	W	D	L	F	A
8	4	1	3	41	20

Considering the ability of this team, the results are disappointing, because Upton were technically better than all their opponents. In attack there was plenty of skill and flair with Bhandal scoring 15 goals, but the defence was let down by lack of both concentration and personnel (too many players being drawn in to the more interesting attacking play!). We were knocked out of two cups by Langley Grammar, in two excellent games.

All the following were regular members of the team and contributed to a very good team spirit:

Day, Donovan, Cotsford, Bhandal, Cook, Wignall, Argrave, Gill, Jordan, Fullam, Nicholls.

M.W.

#### 1st XI SOCCER

P	W	D	L	F	A
19	8	4	7	52	51

For such a young squad, this season can be considered to have been both very successful and very encouraging. The highlights have been appearances in both the Walsh (County) Cup final, which was narrowly lost after extra time on penalties to Windsor Boys, and in the Berkshire U-19 league final. Here too, we could only finish as runners-up, going down 2-0 to Langley Grammar.

1st XI SOCCER (cont'd)

At times, the side has produced some excellent football and also some gritty performances such as the deserved draws against Eton and Dr. Challoner's. It is virtually impossible to turn in such performances in every game and I hope that next season, the players will try to contain their disappointment and frustration when games do not flow so smoothly.

Andrew Colley played with confidence as captain and formed a steady defensive partnership with Massimo Mandozzi; Nick Faucher proved a valuable asset with his speed and positive runs.

Full colours have been awarded to Nigel Fox and Adrian English (both of whom have played for Berks U-19s) and Andrew Colley. Half-colours have been given to Massimo Mandozzi and Michael Buckley, who finished as top scorer with twelve goals.

N.A.B.

U-14 BASKETBALL

P	W	D	L	F	A
10	1	0	9	152	427

As a newly-formed squad, the U-14s were always going to find life in the Berkshire League difficult. Each game was a learning experience and the score-lines often made depressing reading. Not once however, did the players lose their enthusiasm and it was heartening to see such positive attitudes maintained.

Their patience and efforts were rewarded with a 37-29 victory over Waingels Copse which was celebrated with due consideration for their opponents.

Often going into games with a larger squad than the officially-permitted ten players, it was difficult to give everyone extended spells on court. I hope that all of those pupils involved will persevere next season and work hard to try to command greater court-time. Honouring all but one of our fixtures proved important as this lifted us off the bottom of the final table. Top scorer was Mark Walters with forty-eight points, followed by Stephen Moyes, Navdip Bhinder and Matthew Moore, each of whom scored twenty-two.

N.A.B.

U-15 BASKETBALL

P	W	L	F	A
11	3	8	378	455

U-15 BASKETBALL (cont'd)

Although the results look less than successful, this has been an encouraging season, during which all the players have improved considerably, as has the team play. The players deserve credit for their enthusiasm and commitment after training twice a week on average and working hard at these sessions.

Top scorers for the team were Sucksmith 107 points, Majorel 105 points and Longfield 65 points. However defence was the team's strong point and Simpson and Kelly were both effective in this aspect.

The team have begun to learn the importance of self discipline and team spirit, but still need to improve on these if they are to capitalise on their growing skill and confidence.

All the following contributed to a very enjoyable season:  
Goode, Traynor, McCarthy, Sucksmith, Kelly,  
Longfield, Majorel, Simpson.

P.S. Special thanks to H. Nijjar for scoring and timekeeping and to the Supporters' Club (Jane McCarthy!)

M.W.

U-15 HOCKEY

P	W	D	L	F	A
6	4	0	2	16	11

The U-15s showed a good deal of enthusiasm and have knit into an all-round team. Avery made good saves in goal and Lloyd improved steadily at the back. All the players are physically small but demonstrated plenty of flair and skill, particularly Wren, Shankla, Majorel and Sucksmith. I am most encouraged by the promise shown in the games so far.

Regular players:  
McCarthy, Avery, Muir, Donovan, Lloyd, Kelly,  
Sucksmith, Darby, Stylianou, Majorel, Goode,  
Shankla, Wren (Capt.)

U-14s HOCKEY played four games, losing all:  
1-0 to Burnham, Desborough 5-1, Windsor 1-0 and Ranelagh 2-3.

U-16s beat Forest 5-1.

M.W.

1st XI HOCKEY

P	W	D	L	F	A
8	4	1	3	26	17

1st XI HOCKEY (cont'd)

It is disappointing that so many games were lost for weather which disrupted any sort of rhythm.

Again this season David Murphy held the team together displaying both great skill and determination and scoring 9 goals into the bargain. Mark Spencer scored 10.

All the team are in 61 and there should be a solid base for next season.

M.W.

*All sporting fixtures are arranged to provide opportunities for as many pupils as possible to participate. Throughout, the priority must be the good reputation of the individual, the team and the School.*

*I thank all of those pupils who have represented their School in a positive manner this year, and wish success to those sportsmen who leave in July.*

N.A.S.

INTER-HOUSE COMPETITION (BOYS)

A bigger programme of games was arranged this year. Sorry that there isn't enough time to eat lunch and play! Three sports were played with a junior and senior competition.

BASKETBALL

This provided a great deal of entertainment for the large numbers watching. (Unfortunately the gym is too small to avoid involuntary pitch invasions, so the crowds had to go!) The senior section was set up for a 'decider' between Hampden and Herschel who both beat the other sides. After trailing 16-2, Herschel pulled back to within 4 points with Moghul and Biring, but Hampden were too strong all round, with Argrave and Chhokra doing most of the damage. Milton were a close third.

The junior section had some very good games. It looked as though Hampden had caused a surprise by drawing 22-22 with Herschel, with Burgoyne sinking some good baskets. Milton narrowly beat Hampden though, and again a final decider proved an excellent game. Sucksmith and Majorel scored most for Milton, but Kelly and Longfield brought Herschel home by a narrow 40-36.

(results cont'd)

INTER-HOUSE COMPETITION (BOYS)

SENIORS

Ha	6 pts
He	4 pts
M	2 pts
G	0

JUNIORS

He	5 pts
M	4 pts
Ha	3 pts
G	0

HOCKEY

This new competition brought an enthusiastic response. Herschel won the senior section easily with Spencer and Murphy scoring freely, although Hampden held them to a 3-3 draw.

The junior section was very close with some exciting games. Hampden did well to beat Milton 1-0, but lost in the last minute against Herschel for whom Muir, Sanders, Wren, Darby and Shankla played well. Herschel then held on 2-2 against Milton in a tense game.

The amount of skill shown in the junior games was encouraging.

SENIORS

He	5 pts
G	4 pts
Ha	3 pts
M	0

JUNIORS

He	5 pts
Ha	4 pts
M	3 pts
G	0

FOOTBALL

The senior section was let down by the failure of Herschel to enter. Milton, despite having the strongest team on paper, were disappointing (especially when it came to shooting). Gray took advantage with Nigel Fox and Adrian English and won the competition beating Hampden 4-3 (after being 4-0 up at half time). Mick Buckley initiated this comeback for Hampden, but too late.

The Junior competition gave many second and third years a chance to play. Mark Walters and Paul Fellows led Herschel to victory and a clean sweep of all the junior sports while Gray juniors lost all nine house matches. Simon Simpson deserves credit for holding them together in adversity!

SENIORS

G	5 pts
Ha	4 pts
M	3 pts
He	0

JUNIORS

He	6 pts
M	4 pts
Ha	2 pts
G	0

OVERALL POSITIONS

1st	Herschel	25 pts.
2nd	Hampden	22 pts.
3rd	Milton	16 pts.
4th	Gray	9 pts.

M.W.

## GIRLS' HOCKEY

1987-88 SEASON

All our hockey teams suffered a resounding defeat this season at the hands of the weather. There seems no limit as to how wet and muddy a pitch can be for the boys to play soccer but the very nature of the game of hockey requires a much flatter, dryer playing surface, so with the weeks - indeed months of rain that we had this winter the hockey was almost entirely washed out.

The only matches played were as follows, and were not, I'm afraid, very impressive from our point of view.

1st XI Drew with Windsor Girls 0-0, lost to Langley 0-2  
and to St. Bernards 0-1.  
Six matches were cancelled.

U-15 XI Lost to St. Bernards 0-2 and to Langley 0-3.  
Five games were cancelled.

U-14 XI Lost to St. Bernards 0-4.  
Three other games were cancelled.

The District end of season Tournament for the Under 14's was also cancelled but the Senior and Under 15's played theirs and came third and fourth respectively.

The Indoor Hockey programme of course was not affected by the weather and our teams took part in the Slough District Leagues and Tournaments. We entered one Senior and two Under 15 teams, and an Under 14 team in the tournament.

The small group of Seniors who formed the team played consistently well beating Windsor, Herschel, Burnham Secondary, Licensed Victuallers and Langley 'B' team. They lost only to Langley 'A' team and drew with Burnham Grammar to finish third in the league table.

The squad consisted of S. Morris in goal, B. Hothi, M. Joglekar, Z. Liaqat, S. Nicholson, L. Cowan and S. Liaqat, and all are to be commended for the effort they put in and their continued enthusiasm.

The interest shown in the 4th year was much greater and we were able to enter two teams in the Under 15 League.

The 'A' team played well though in some games their lack of experience showed. They beat Licensed Victuallers, Langley 'B' and drew with Upton 'B' but lost to Langley 'A' team and St. Bernards. They were placed 3rd in the league.

The 'B' team, playing mainly other schools' 'A' teams, put up very creditable performances and two very close matches against Licensed Victuallers and Langley 'B' were lost by the only goal scored. In the game against our 'A' team they played particularly well, giving the 'A' team quite a fright and finally holding them to a 1-1 draw. Their final place in the league was sixth.

After these results the teams' play in the District Tournaments was

## GIRLS' HOCKEY (cont'd)

disappointing and both managed to finish only fourth in their sections. However the players gained valuable experience and if they continue to work with the same enthusiasm they can look forward to better results next season.

The squads were:

'A' Team: S. Joshi in goal, K. Barnes, K. Willis,  
K. Fullick, N. Hyare, F. Richardson,  
P. Thakar, J. Hirst.

'B' Team: S. Ellis in goal, C. Bute, C. Viney,  
E. Short, N. Oakes, C. Mansfield.

There is no league for the Under 14s, only a Tournament for which we entered one team. It was their first experience of representing the School and they played with skill and determination and did very well. They tied for first place with Langley Grammar but were actually placed second on goal average, which was a very creditable performance and promises well for the future.

The squad included: L. Burgess, L. Barnett, A. Sanger,  
C. James, G. Rajput, S. Bailey,  
S. Newton and T. Liennard.

I hope that these juniors, and indeed all the teams, will keep their enthusiasm despite the disappointing season we have had and that next year the weather will be kinder to us.

School Colours are awarded this year to:

6th Form: L. Cowan, B. Hothi, M. Joglekar, Z. Liaqat.

5th Form: S. Morris, S. Nicholson.

4th Form: S. Joshi, K. Fullick, N. Hyare.

3rd Form: C. James, L. Barnett, A. Sangha,  
L. Burgess, G. Rajput

Commended for progress: C. Viney, K. Willis.

\* \* \* \*

## INTER-HOUSE COMPETITION (GIRLS)

We continued our policy of having a full programme of House Matches for girls' teams though these too were curtailed by the weather and no field hockey tournaments were played.

### RESULTS:

Senior Indoor Hockey (5th and 6th forms).

1: Milton	2: Herschel
3: Gray	4: Hampden



INTER-HOUSE COMPETITION (GIRLS) (cont'd)

4th Year Indoor Hockey.	5th Form Badminton.	4th Year Volley Ball.
1: Hampden	1: Hampden	1: Hampden
2: Gray	2: Milton	2: Gray
3: Herschel	3: Gray	3: Herschel
4: Milton	4: Herschel	4: Milton

Overall positions in the House Championship.

1st	Hampden	13 points
2nd	Gray	10 points
3rd	Milton	9 points
4th	Herschel	8 points

C.D.

BADMINTON CLUB

This has been an excellent year for the club with many more people from the fourth and fifth form taking up this sport. We now meet after school on Mondays and Wednesdays to allow for this growth in membership numbers.

The mixed squad of under sixteen players has consisted of:

Martin Singer (Captain)	Rajvinder Basra
Bronwen Hughes	Justin Lansley
Suzanne Morris	Purnima Thakar
Sanjay Kar	
Stephen Betts.	

They had a successful season winning six out of their eight matches, and we congratulate them on good play, dependability and never failing good temper, particularly Martin who proved a most able captain.

As most of these players will be too old to play for an under sixteen team next season we would welcome any third and fourth year pupils who have had some experience of the games.

J. BROADGATE. M. NELSON.

\* \* \* \* \*

FROM ME TO YOU.

This year's magazine contains, on the whole, more written than artistic material, which has been due to circumstances beyond my control. Also, it did seem that the magazine might not have been published at all. However, despite having retired at Christmas, Mrs. Whatling came to the rescue and she has continued her expert job of typing and layout - for which many thanks. Thanks also to all contributors.

M.A.D.

A YEAR IN THE LIFE OF A SPORTSMAN

December 19th-21st 1986, and with most people's thoughts turning to Christmas, it was off to Bristol for the Roses Indoor tournament. Hockey has a distinct 'indoor' season (December - February) and with a European Cup indoor tournament in Poland in February to prepare for we were removed from our club sides almost every weekend for training on tournaments. Was it a typing error or did it really say on the daily training schedule "25th December - long run and shuttle sprints"? I did in fact manage a large run and four lightning paces towards the television, just in time to turn off before Granny realised the Queen's speech would be on.

Christmas was followed by a mad dash from North Wales to Guildford for a league game on Saturday, then up to Nottingham for Welsh training matches on Sunday. Similarly the next weekend, Nottingham again followed by Swindon for the last thirty two of the H.A. cup. Then there were international tournaments involving five games in Dublin and six in Holland on consecutive weekends, followed by the Ladon classic at Crystal Palace.

. . . and so the show rolled on for four more weeks - running from school on Friday lunchtime to catch trains to Cardiff or the Midlands, emerging again on Sunday night exhausted and in exactly the wrong frame of mind to mark a pile of books. (This may explain why you got C- for your most brilliant homework).

When we eventually arrived in Poland, we were struck by the greyness of communism (no wonder they made all those 'cold war' spy films in black and white!). Few people spoke English and even fewer smiled. In fact Mr. Gadjus was correct - the Poles were friendly but furthering East-West detente in sign language is not easy.

The train journey up to Torun enabled us to see miles of . . . boring Polish countryside covered in snow. There are still some steam trains operating. The train buffet served us fifteen beakers of murky black coffee with an evil sediment in the bottom for an American dollar. It seemed possible to obtain almost anything for a dollar such is the Polish desire for foreign currency. Torun was the size of Slough, maybe larger, but very bleak with very few shops, restaurants or entertainment to speak of . . . hmm just like Slough. Standards of living were much lower than in England, with very few luxury items available. All shops are state operating, and Russian is a compulsory language in schools.



A YEAR IN THE LIFE OF A SPORTSMAN (cont'd)

The games in order, were England, W. Germany, Italy, Sweden, Austria and Poland. Our 5-5 draw with England eventually prevented them from qualifying for the finals, but we failed badly against Austria and Poland who upstaged the all conquering Germans by slaughtering England 13-6, with exceptional pace and skill in front of a packed crowd. This brought smiles to Welsh faces after our own failings. Against Germany my hand was cut open by Carsten Fizcher's stick and I spent a boring evening with it stuck in a bucket of ice, trying to bring down the swelling.



After travelling back to Britain for more 'bread and butter' hockey we were summoned to the first 'outdoor' training weekend.

Reading the letter more closely, led me to believe that this was to be no ordinary training weekend. Lymstone? ... Where's that? More research concluded that we were headed for the Royal Marines Training Camp in Devon, which, according to "The Sun", was too tough for Prince Eddie.

Friday began with an hour's circuit training under the supervision of the soon to be disliked 'commandant' followed by one and a half hours skills training and then the Royal Marine Corps Physical Tests. The boys were knackered, and it wasn't even Saturday. Before we had time to question the wisdom of the W.H.A. for putting mere hockey players through all this, we were dragged screaming from our beds. The cockerels were still snoring soundly.



The aerial assault course is about twenty to thirty feet above ground with no nets and involves crawling along wires, swinging on ropes and other scary adventures while looking down at the ground, and brown patches. Next was a krypton factor type assault course which we all did twice, and in the afternoon, the endurance course.

This took place on Exmoor and involves seven miles total running in camouflage jackets and boots. The first three miles is littered with tunnels to be crawled through, half full of water, and wading up to the neck (if you're lucky enough to be seven foot six) in icy water. The run back to camp in clothes weighed down by cold

A YEAR IN THE LIFE OF A SPORTSMAN (cont'd)

water was four miles providing no mistakes were made. Mistakes were made, and the four mile run became a six mile run. Who was that Geography teacher with the perfect sense of direction?



February seemed the height of winter when we were chased out of our beds to run along Exmouth beach at seven a.m. (sorry 07.00 hours). At least the beach wasn't crowded, and only a passing seagull raised its eyebrows when twenty two shivering Welshmen were ordered to swim, by the commandant. Even Reggie Perrin wouldn't go in February.

Many more orthodox training weekends were booked right through the summer up until the European Cup finals in Moscow in August. These weekends are usually very intensive, with skill and tactical practices, fitness tests and games against outside opposition. It is not unusual to have three games plus a five mile timed run in one day, but being together as a team under stressful conditions builds team spirit.

In the run up to Moscow there were two games against Great Britain, Hampshire, London Indians, West Germany in Hamburg, and also single games against Kenya and a festival side in an exhibition match in Cardiff. Also there were the home international series in Dublin.

Moscow is a pleasant city, with some superb views from our hotel (which had five thousand rooms!). We could overlook Red Square and The Kremlin. The first few days involved sightseeing, training and relaxing. Similar to Poland the shops were very poor and there was little entertainment. Our interpreter had never been outside the confines of Moscow, and while communism's capital city was impressive, it wasn't a patch on London.

Because there is no buying or selling of property by individuals, there was no skyscraper development in the city centre, as you would find in a western city. All land has the same value and is controlled by the state.

Russian food is rather dull. The Italians being the worst side in the tournament were the best prepared having brought their own food, and a chef to cook it. Twenty Welshmen became spaghetti lovers.

The tournament involved playing seven games in ten days. After playing very well against West Germany and U.S.S.R., we could only manage a draw with France. We lost by the odd goal to Poland and Ireland in our group matches. The nights before rest days it was possible to relax a bit more,

A YEAR IN THE LIFE OF A SPORTSMAN (cont'd)

and painful match results blurred after a few pints of general anaesthetic at the British Embassy.

Injuries took their toll and team spirit became strained. Discipline and team spirit are vital in any sport, whether it be a school team or an international side. It becomes especially important when things go badly.

Having arrived back at Heathrow, I got on the first train down to Southampton to play in a festival game the next day. It was then that I realised that the summer had gone, and the usual train journeys down to Guildford for training would begin again. This was only relieved by a week of training and matches in Koblenz before the indoor circuit began again in Dusseldorf, Dundee, Perth (Scotland!), Worcester, The Hague, Crystal Palace.

I reflected on a year gone by and concluded that:-

1. A railcard is very good value.
2. Don't leave bags lying around - I had my sticks stolen once at Heathrow and once at Euston station.
3. Always carry a red pen for marking books on boring journeys.
4. Learn to feign a limp - (useful for skiving off tough training weekends.

M.W.

CROSS COUNTRY

*Unfortunately there is not so much to report this year. It had been intended to run another local school league as in former years but for various reasons it was twice postponed and it looks as though the runners will have to use their skills in the Athletic season. I am sorry about this as we have a number of promising runners in the lower school.*

However I was able to take four runners to the County Trials at Newbury in very muddy conditions. Tara Donovan ran well in the Junior Girls Race as did Francis Hernandez in the Boys Junior Race. The best performances of the day however came from Leo Donovan and Ross Muir who came in almost together in the twenties in the Intermediate Boys Race. As they were racing against boys a year older than themselves they should do very well in the County Trials next year.

Training continues on Thursdays after school and we usually have a few of varying abilities. Some seem very fast these days or is it that I am getting older!

M.J. THISTLEWOOD

YOU LOOK RIDICULOUS

George awoke to find himself hanging upside down from a green leaf, which looked amazingly tasty. He was a trifle disconcerted at being in the position that he was, and more than a trifle confused as to why.

"Why on earth am I hanging upside down?" he said, not really expecting an answer.

"Don't ask me," said a voice from behind, "but you look ridiculous."

He whirled around and came face to face with a long, green and yellow, hairy monster with two bulbous eyes that were looking straight at him.

"Hello," it said. "My name's Chris." The monster called Chris smiled at George, who was experiencing tremors of terror through his body, and spoke again. "I don't know why you look so shocked, you're not much of a centrefold either; you've got too much yellow and too little green. It's unnatural."

George glanced down at his own body and found that, yes, he was a long, green and yellow, hairy monster as well, and he was shaking. Slightly embarrassed, he stopped and remembered his manners.

"My name's George. Pleased to meet you."

"Likewise, I'm sure. Now come on or we'll miss breakfast."

"Breakfast!"

"Yes, it's self service, or more accurately, eat as much as you can before some other lout grabs it off you."

With that, Chris walked onto the top of the leaf and marched off in the direction of the stem. George, not having any more pressing engagements elsewhere, humbly began to follow but soon got lost before he'd even reached the stem.

"I've lost you Chris, Where are you?" he cried, looking for any sign of the other monster.

"Follow the white line," came an answer from somewhere above.

Lo and behold, there in front of him was a white line. George shrugged and started to follow the line which led off the leaf, up the stem and past other leaves which each had their host of long, green and yellow, hairy monsters in residence. On and on it went, almost to the top of the plant, where it turned off onto another leaf, but one that was much greener than the one he had woken up on. There, he found Chris, impatiently pacing around.



YOU LOOK RIDICULOUS (cont'd)

"You took your time didn't you? Well now that you're here, I can cut off this wretched string."

As he said this, the line leading right up to Chris suddenly ended. The line that had stretched continuously up the plant now had a definite ending. George was confused.

"What was that line?" he asked.

"Oh that, that's just an additional extra. The only use for it that I can think of apart from the one that I've just demonstrated is that you can use it as an anchor line. But before you ask any more questions, let's eat. I'm starving."

Chris turned away from George and buried his head in the leaf. He took a few bites then looked up at George.

"Come on, dig in. It may be a bit choosy but apart from that it tastes fine."

So George followed his friend's example and took a bite of the leaf. It tasted delicious so he took another and another and another and carried on until a sizeable hole had appeared in the leaf and a sizeable hole had disappeared from his stomach. When he had had his fill he sat back and gazed at the sun.

"What happens next, Chris?"

"Next? Why, we eat and then eat some more and we eat even more and we carry on eating until we die."

"Die? I don't want to die." said George.

"We all have to some day. It's a fact of life. But I warn you, don't ever stay if someone begins to die, it's horrific. He goes into convulsions, spinning round and round while he's still making his anchor line. After a while it forms a white coffin and the poor thing suffocates."

"But what about life after death?"

"Oh, believe in that if you want to. You're supposed to sprout wings and fly off. Personally I think it's a load of rubbish." The conversation had obviously come to an end so the two started eating again.

Over the weeks the routine went on, George and Chris getting fatter, hairier, and a little greener. Then the tedium was shattered when Chris began screaming in agony and he began to convulse. His line was wound helplessly around him until it formed a white, rounded coffin.

The screams died away.

George could do nothing. He was transfixed by the horrific spectacle. When the convulsions had ceased, he turned away and cried. Chris, his only friend had died.

YOU LOOK RIDICULOUS (cont'd)

He grieved over the coffin of his best friend for hours, before he caught sight of a particularly tasty-looking leaf and wandered over to munch on it. So life went on for George.

One day, in the middle of a very chewy stalk, a pain grew in his head. He ignored it and carried on eating, besides it was a very nice stalk. Then the pain increased to a drumming and then a thundering that shook his every nerve. The pain was now agony and he twisted about to try and relieve himself. But the agony would not go away. He twisted more and more unaware of the fine line that he was spinning. Unaware that he was enclosing himself in a white prison. George found it hard to breathe, he screamed a final scream and then lapsed into unconsciousness.

\* \* \*

George awoke to find himself hanging unceremoniously from an amazingly attractive leaf.

"Why on earth am I hanging upside down?" he said, not really expecting an answer.

"Don't ask me," said a voice from behind, "but you look ridiculous."

He whirled around and came face to face with a black, hairy monster, with multicoloured wings and two antenna.

"Hello," it said. "My name's Chris."

"My name's George. Pleased to meet you."

"Likewise I'm sure. Now come on or we'll miss breakfast."

The monster called Chris lifted his multicoloured wings and flew away. George, not having any more pressing engagements elsewhere, humbly began to follow . . .

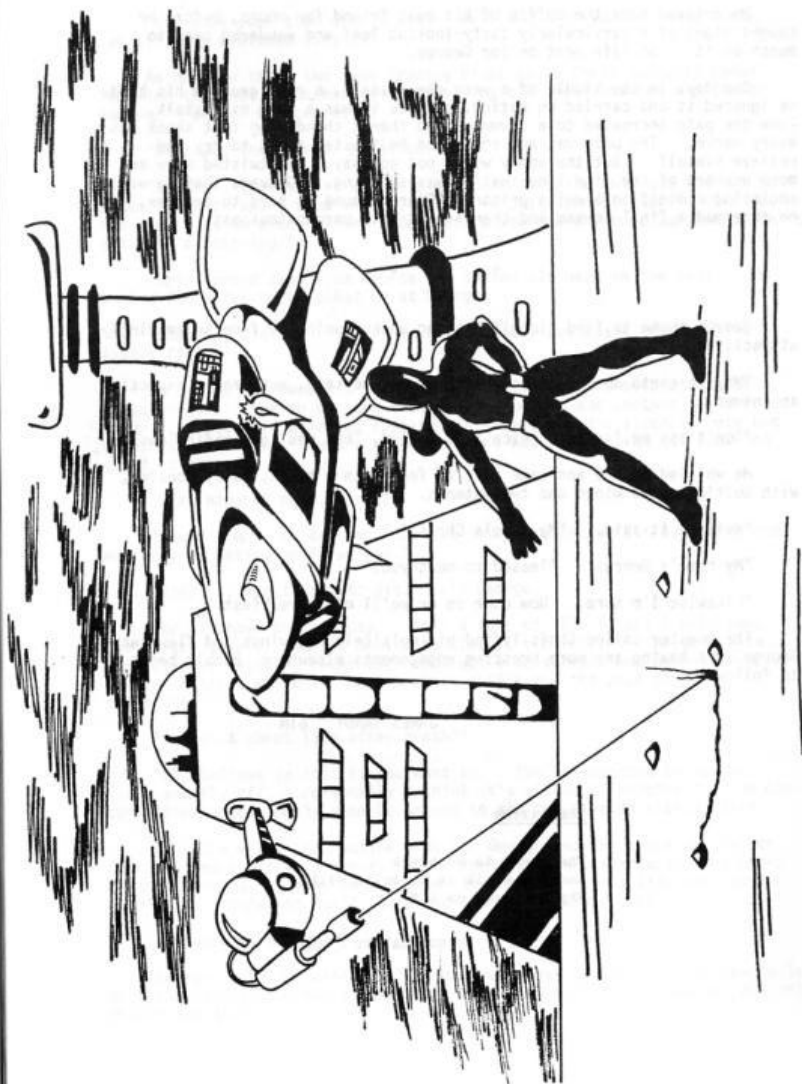
JAMES TANDY 61M

TEMPTATION

The board is so black  
And the chalk is to write with.  
Why not draw on it?

SHARON BAILEY 2HA





# THE STELLAR PILGRIM

The small form of the Caprican 'planet-hopper' darted across the barren landscape, under the cold grey sky, impenetrable by the young sun's light.

"Considerable non-geological mass detected. Advise investigation." - an electronic voice drifted across the bridge.

The lone occupant turned away from the observation screen, to address his ship - "Go ahead".

Minutes later the ship was over a vast complex of towering metallic structures. Its smaller attribute thruster nudged it gently towards a relatively squat building, lights winked over its surface in sympathy with this manoeuvre.

He let himself drop from the exit hatch, located on the ship's belly, and alighted, cat-like, on the roof. A strong breeze immersed him in a chill. He looked up and beckoned a small pad towards him, which promptly detached itself from the nose of the ship to hover above him.

Carefully he deposited four markers on the metal at his feet. He waved at the pod, as if to attract its attention, and held up four fingers.

A pencil thin laser beam rapidly flicked between the markers, from the pod. A square of metal fell away and he lowered himself into the cleanly cut hole.

The pod followed him in, instantly activating its torch beams in response to the darkness within. On the ground floor he found several erect glass cylinders. The pod rested inside a hemispherical 'receptor' protruding from a wall. Instantly the entire floor became illuminated, and inside each chamber an animated hologram flickered into view.

He walked amongst them as he would through a grave. A great sadness swept over him as his gaze fell upon the many creatures which once inhabited this now wasted planet. He recognised many from the databanks back on Homeworld Epsilon - elephants, tigers, whales . . .

- - - Now man had driven himself away, by his Great Wars. If it were not for his skintight suit, the viral particles still present today would have killed him by now.

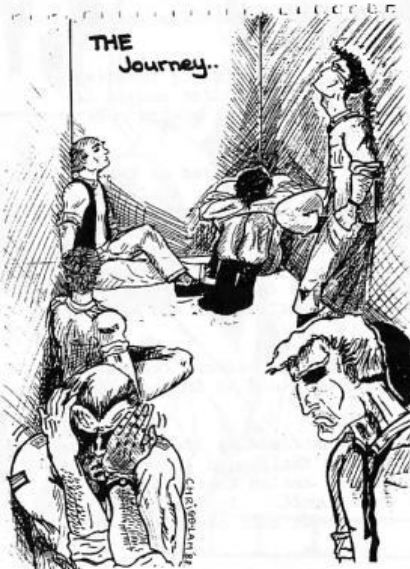
Earth merely remained as a reminder to the colonies ....

A. WAJID HAMID 62HA

(This story was the winner of the third year short story competition. It is followed by the runner up.)

#### THE JOURNEY

All was silent. About twenty of them were herded up near two lorries, which were green with black stripes. Upon the side of the canvas covered lorry there was inscribed a sign. A sign which had altered and was to alter all twenty people huddled together that day. The sign of the swastika.



The weather made a comparison with the minds of those prisoners of war: bleak, dark and dismal. All twenty did not shuffle a foot nor twitch an arm. Every person was taking in the cold air, any last breath of freedom before the unknown came forth. Each prisoner was glancing around, photographing his final picture of the surrounding countryside, making an image that would be the last they could see of the world they once knew.

All twenty, still without noise, ungrudgingly clambered into the two waiting trucks. When they next touched the ground they would be trapped, helpless and owning nothing, not even each one's own freedom. They awaited the much feared Prisoner of War camp.

The lorries rumbled and jolted along. To each of the prisoners the lorry seemed to be going faster and faster. Each bump and jolt would not disturb the fixed presentation of their faces. All were solemn, all were anxious and tired.

The thoughts and fears of what awaited each prisoner were disturbed by an old man sitting in the corner of the lorry. He broke the deadly silence with his military escapades which brought many minds back down to earth. He was an experienced soldier. He had learned his trade and he was showing his sense of ability by comforting less experienced soldiers, right in that deathly atmosphere. He shared his story up until his capture and the younger soldiers listened and were rekindled in their spirit. The breaking of the atmosphere lifted up the heads of many dispirited soldiers. They knew that they were all in it together.

His story ended in a pun. It brought cautious smiles over each soldier's face. The old man had lifted the tension, the story had been simple yet effective, soldiers felt that not quite everybody in the world

#### THE JOURNEY (cont'd)

hated them. They were all in the same boat together. Gradually, one by one, each soldier unfolded his experiences. No-one boasted or bragged. They had all been serving their country. Nobody mentioned names of the opposition, no-one needed to. The old man sat back and sighed; he knew he had served his country and companions to the very end.

Not many people noticed the lorry grind to a halt. They had reached their destination. The talking stopped as abruptly as it started. Many heads sank back down as the realisation of where they had stopped hit them. The door of the lorry opened and slowly each soldier clambered out. No-one said anything. Once again nobody shuffled or twitched. Everybody turned around and trudged off in the direction of the man with the black uniform. The journey was over, the destination had been reached.

STEPHEN MOYES 3HA

\* \* \* \* \*

#### YESTERDAY TODAY

"Evening Nooos, Evening Nooos" cried the news paper seller, twisting the wonderful language I have become used to hearing yelled at me in my work as a Bond Dealer for James, John and Sons Investment Company. "F.T." please, I said "Right o' Guv.". My ears shut up shop and tried to forget the lower class slur of English. I got home and sat down. Today I'd been sacked, people had said to me "You'll make a killing on the exchange", I did I killed the City, Wall Street and Tokyo. "If only I could live today again", I kept on saying to myself. I blew my nose and went to bed.

That night I dreamt everything was going backwards from going to bed to waking up in the morning. Then I woke to a loud blast from the television "And the "F.T." index is up twenty points".

"What!!!! It went down nearly two hundred."

"Well, that's the news as it stands at eight-thirty-five on Monday the nineteenth of October."

"Monday!!!" I turned to the B.B.C. A tired, maybe even bored, face greeted me to tell me the "F.T." index was on the way up and it was Monday..

I yawned, turned and saw my chin hit the cellar floor. There staring at me was my calendar, somehow the sheet with Monday 19th written on it had picked itself out of the bin (where I put that day's date every night) up the desk leg and back on to the calendar again. There it was in black and white, so it wasn't just a high stress nightmare. I really was living Monday again. That decision took a lot of working out and even if I was wrong I still decided to play along with the rest of the world.

YESTERDAY TODAY (cont'd)

Soon I found the world wasn't playing a joke, but getting down to normal life. On the train to work I found my newspaper, the newspaper I bought last night, the newspaper that had not been printed yet, then my greed and my business skill came together.

Before going to work I put a bet on all the horse races before one o'clock. My evening paper gave me the answer. One fifteen was the time the index hit rock bottom. A one thousand pound accumulator bet would get me the right amount of money for my plan.

Till one o'clock I gazed through the smoke to see horse after horse coming in first. White faces, phone calls and continuous tapping on calculators was going on behind the cash desks. One o'clock came. A large figure faced out at me from a cheque. The manager crying, handed over the cheque. I said "Thanks" and ran to the Stock Exchange.

When one fifteen came I shouted "Buy!!!" In a world of losers a foul is always made welcome. With all the money I had gone on shares at rock bottom prices all I had to do now was wait. I knew the Index would go up. They didn't.

"Evening Nooos, Evening Nooos."

"The "F.T." please" I handed him a ten pound note.

"Sorry mate, don't 'ave no change."

"Well you'd better keep it."

"Ta, thanks mate." The English language may not have forgiven him but he was happy.

From a shop across the road I heard a quiz show. "What is never coming, but has always been?"

Buzzzz!!

"Yesterday." I smiled and walked off, a happy and very rich man.

GARETH JONES 3M



SELF-CONSCIOUS

Features and characters would weave through his life, like seaweed under the surface, relationships like breakers; his life was a bit of a turmoil.

People would slide past, come and go, some bobbing up for a second appearance, some waving, some drowning.

He had come back drenched but happy from the party, singing under the rain, seeing his world. Perhaps his world would tell him more about himself.

Adolescent turmoil shaped his ocean, foaming eddies and surfboarding highs, his internal organs bearing a direct relationship, if not distinct similarity, to his outside world.

The perfect world that some see is magnified from a corner of their hearts, his is floating amongst oil slicks and nuclear waste. The beach-combers sigh and the oceans hiss and spit.

"Come back! Don't go! Take me with you! Life is pointless!"

"Time is money! Love is peripheral! Change is haste! Life is change!"

The oily rain slides down the basement windows, milk drops from the spout onto the tablecloth. Augustus Pablo sees the world as a reflection of his own biology, and so is immensely self-conscious.

MATTHEW PERRET 61HA

WINDSURFIN'

Wind and spray blow in your face,  
inside you feel that things are ace.  
Nothing around disturbs you here  
riding the waves with no sign of fear,  
singing while you burn up swimmers,  
sing your skill as one of life's winners,  
reaching into the clear blue sky  
making your coolness to the girls who lie  
in the scorching heat, soaking up the sun,  
noticing nothing except your . . . windsurf.

DARREN POOLE 3HA

#### THE GYPSY'S WARNING

The two faces in the cold dark tent bent over the table and looked into the crystal ball that appeared to be full of swirling clouds.

"So" one of the figures said at last. "The picture forms."

Captain Bob Haller raised his head and looked into the old Gypsy woman's eyes that were now bright and gleaming with excitement. The R.A.F. officer shrugged his shoulders and turned his attention to the ball again.

"Ah! Yes!" she exclaimed, "I see it all. It is a 'plane. An airforce plane. It flies high, but wait. It falls. There is a crash. Someone is there I recognise ... someone who is badly injured ... very badly injured ... it is you! but now the picture fades ... it is gone ... £2.50 please."

Bob leapt up, his eyes ablaze with fear.

"No!" he shouted. "No! You must be wrong."

The old woman leant over the table and looked calmly into his eyes.

"No young man" she said. "I am never wrong."

Bob paid the money and almost staggered out of the tent to where his friend was waiting for him. Captain Jim Pearce groaned inwardly when he saw his friend's face.

"Bob" he said. "What's wrong? You look like you've witnessed a murder. Come on. You're supposed to be enjoying the fair."

"You must be joking," Bob whispered. "I'm going home."

"Have you forgotten? We're supposed to be at base in half an hour."

Bob told him what the gypsy woman had said.

"Alright" Jim replied at last. "I haven't got a flight this afternoon so I'll do yours if it bothers you that much."

"Thanks" Bob muttered.

"On the condition that you come to base," Jim put in.

"Alright. Anything" Bob replied.

Half an hour later, at base, Jim was preparing to take off. He was arguing with Bob.

"No Jim" Bob said, "I'm not staying here. If anybody is sick or anything, I'll be called on to do their flight."

#### THE GYPSY'S WARNING (cont'd)

"Alright, but you're taking this stupid thing too far."

"I'm leaving in ten minutes on the next train."

About twenty minutes later Jim had taken off and Bob was travelling home on the train.

"You know" Jim called back to his navigator, "I think we could give Captain Haller a fly-past. There's his train down there."

"Hokay Cap'n."

As the plane banked towards the train the co-pilot yelled out in panic.

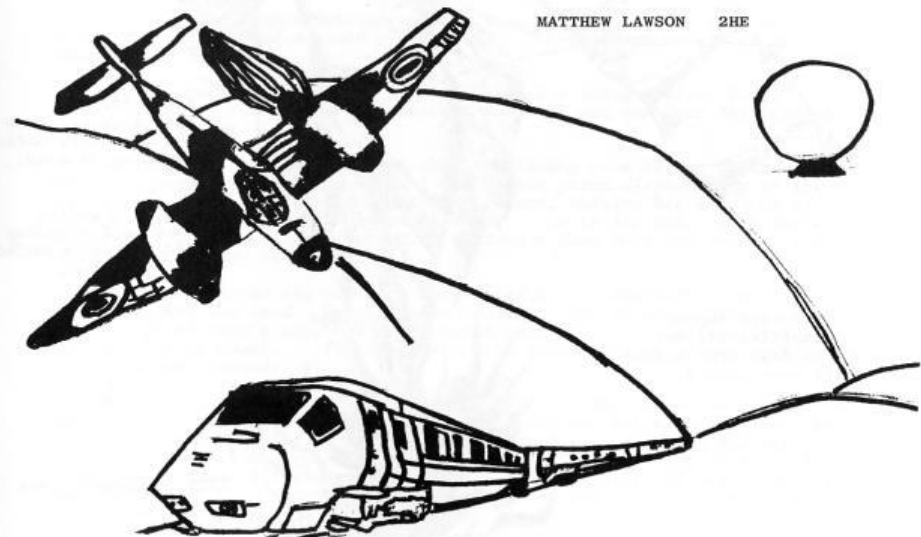
"The port engine's on fire!"

In seconds the plane exploded and dived towards the train. As the fireball ploughed into the front of the train, the front exploded. At the back of the train, paralyzed from the heck downwards, Bob could see the gypsy in his mind's eye.

"I am never wrong young man," she seemed to say.

"I am never wrong."

MATTHEW LAWSON 2HE





# THE TIGHTROPE-WALKER

Watched and waited  
Breath was bated  
The tightrope-walker  
Concentrated.

Filled with tension  
Not to mention  
The tightrope-walker's  
Apprehension.



About halfway  
The crowd all pray  
The tightrope-walker  
Starting to sway.

Hearts pounding  
Drum-roll sounding  
The tightrope-walker  
So astounding.

With such impact  
Completes his act  
The tightrope-walker  
Is home intact.

ROSS McMICHAEL 3HA

# THE CAR PARK

The car park was one of those places notorious in young children's minds as 'bad', where none but the bravest would venture. Its reputation was probably due to the infamous "Umbrella Man", a spectre always heard about, but never seen. He was something of a myth, and from descriptions given by intrepid adventurers into the car park, to wide-eyed audiences, he was a scruffy, skinny man with a dark jacket and crazy eyes and he carried a black umbrella (hence the nickname) which he reputedly waved at people, and he shouted a lot. He frequented the car park, which was why no child would go through there alone.

The car park was in an avenue, and a path led through it to a station which commuters used during the week, but most of the time everyone used the path as a short-cut to get to the small High Street, as it was quicker than walking down the road.

In a house on the road which met up with the avenue a girl was lounging in front of a television set. Her little brother Davy was bouncing up and down, trying to grab her attention, and finally, to shut him up, Debbie listened to what he was saying. As he spoke his fair curly hair bobbed up and down and his eyes were as wide as saucers.

"Debbie, Debbie! Johnny Smith's seen the Umbrella Man!"

Before Debbie could answer, her elder brother's voice cut in.

"He's still around, is he? What does he look like nowadays, still got crazy eyes?" He ambled into the room and collapsed onto a chair.

"Yes!" Davy began talking excitedly again. "He's got evil pointy teeth, all yellow, and instead of hands he's got claws. He hissed at Johnny Smith."

"Now I know it's not true. Johnny's just a story-teller, Davy," Carl retorted. The little boy wouldn't be told, and ran into the kitchen to tell his mother.

A little while later she came into the living room to try to rope someone into doing some shopping. Carl and Debbie gazed distractedly at the television screen, and Carl was quick to object, pushing his hair out of his eyes and claiming he had homework to do. So in the end, after much argument, Debbie grudgingly agreed. Putting a tape into her walkman she picked up a bag and set off.

When she reached the car park she smiled as she remembered what her little brother had said. Umbrella Man indeed! She recalled believing in him herself at Davy's age, but she'd never seen him. She walked through the car park as usual. There weren't many cars there as it was a Saturday, and nobody was around.

Once she'd bought the carton of milk Debbie walked back through the car park with her walkman still blaring away. When she was almost off the path and in the car park, she stopped. Her personal stereo, which had been working fine until now, was now accompanied by a loud hissing noise. She tapped the walkman but the noise continued, so she turned it off - and then she realised it wasn't coming from the stereo at all, but from in front of her. She looked up.

THE CAR PARK {cont'd}

There stood a scruffy man dressed in a dark jacket, crumpled trousers and dark brown shoes. His eyes were a deranged bright blue with tiny pupils, his hair was stringy and greasy, his teeth were yellow; Debbie looked down, and in his hand was a big, black umbrella. Debbie gulped. He was grinning evilly and hissing. He stretched out a claw-like hand. Debbie didn't wait. She stifled a scream and swung the bag at his head. The milk carton caught him full on the face and he recoiled, staggering back and clutching his weaselly nose. For a moment Debbie was rooted to the spot, but she willed her legs to move. She fled and didn't look back. She could hear the Umbrella Man laughing and shouting hysterically, and she could visualise him waving his umbrella in her direction, but she carried on running, down the avenue, and round the corner into her road.

The bag with the milk carton banged against her legs and slowed her down, but she reached her house breathless and sure the man hadn't followed her. Just before her house was in sight, Debbie slowed down to walking pace to make it appear nothing was wrong. As soon as she was through the front door Debbie hurried into the kitchen and dumped the bag on the table.

"Thanks, love," her mother said, reaching into the bag and bringing out the carton. It was squashed in one corner. "What happened to this?" she asked in a surprised voice.

"I - er, dropped it," Debbie said a little guiltily, and was out of the door before she could be asked anything else. She made straight for the stairs. Davy was playing in the hallway with his toy cars. Before shutting herself in her room, she patted him on the head and said, "Tell Johnny Smith I believe him."

It was a long time before Debbie took a short-cut through the car park again.

JENNY OLIVER SHE

\* \* \* \* \*

SPRING

Here's the fields of Spring.  
The long grass moves in the wind  
The birds are singing.

A CHAIR

It has no feeling  
It has legs but cannot move  
Once living, now dead ....

ANGELA BARTON 2M

THE LITTLE BLACK CHINA DOLL

... And so, the little black china doll with the big brown eyes climbed up onto the nursery window-ledge with the little white china mouse.



"Are you sure you can see Africa from here?" she asked in her little black china voice, smoothing down her yellow taffeta dress.

"'Course you can!" squeaked the little white china mouse, his painted eyes shining in the lamplight. "Look over there!"

The little black china doll stiffly moved her little black china limbs and directed her big brown eyes out over the grey, cloud-covered beach.

"THAT isn't Africa!" she exclaimed, tossing her tight black curls indignantly. "Africa's sunny!"

"No 't'isn't!" squealed the little white china mouse. "I heard the little Miss say it looked just 'xac'ly like Africa."

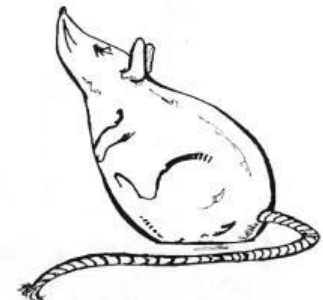
"Well, she doesn't know, does she?" the little black china doll stamped her little black china foot, and her big brown eyes grew even bigger and even more brown. "She never left the other house before yest'day."

The little white china mouse looked up at the little black china doll, his painted whiskers quivering. "You thinks you knows EVER'THIN', but you DOESN'T! I HATE YOU!"

"An' I hate YOU TOO!" screamed the little black china doll, and she kicked the little white china mouse with her little black china foot. The little white china mouse slithered over the white-painted nursery window-ledge and fell with a crash to the black-tiled floor.

The little black china doll peeked over the edge with her big brown eyes, and the tears trickled down her little black china face as she looked down at the creature's remains.

MARK MANLEY 61G



### UNFORGETTABLE INDIA

It was a wet Thursday afternoon towards the end of July when we eventually took off for an unforgettable trip to India.

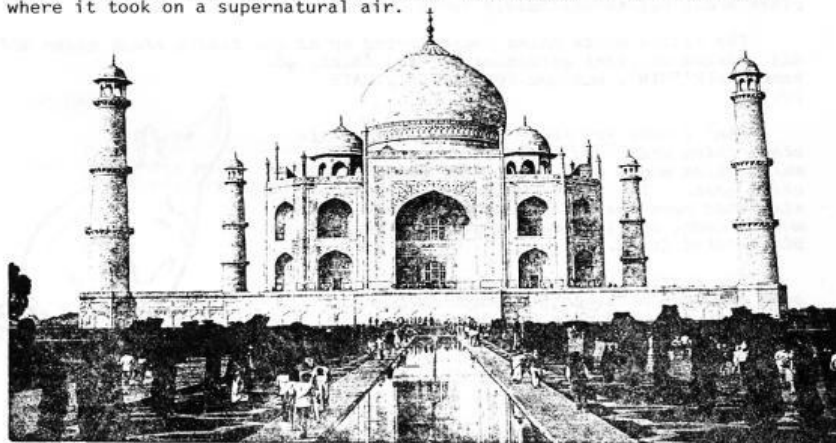
The twelve hour flight, although uneventful, filled me with nausea as I don't like flying and so I was apathetic about the view from the window, much to the surprise of my father who excitedly pointed out any land features that happened to catch his eye.

We landed in Bombay after stopping at Amsterdam and Delhi. Bombay is the home of the 'Indian film Industry' and we spent the next week visiting relatives and touring the city. The highlight of that stay was visiting the famous Taj Hotel which is situated near the Arabian sea. I liked it because it was very luxurious and had shopping facilities.

We next proceeded to Delhi by plane. Delhi was a much more interesting place with sights such as the 'India Gate', the 'Indian Parliament' buildings and the historical ruins. My favourites were the 'India Gate', with the names of Indian and British soldiers engraved on the stonework, the Red Fort - a ruin of the Mughal Empire, Jantar Mantar with its ancient astrological measuring devices and the tower called "Qutab Minar".

The tower is about 238 feet tall and built out of red sandstone and white marble in the latter half of the twelfth century. The architecture is typically Islamic with beautiful carvings decorating the huge octagonal base. Tourists were once allowed to climb the tower but fortunately it was closed!

Perhaps the most famous and the most beautiful tomb in the world is that in Agra - the Taj Mahal, constructed in white marble by Emperor Shah Jahan, dedicated to the memory of his wife Mumtaz Mahal. I was told that its true beauty could be appreciated in the moonlight where it took on a supernatural air.



### UNFORGETTABLE INDIA (cont'd)

Inside the building are two sets of tombs. One pair are real, the other pair are replicas. The tombs are intricately decorated and very beautiful, but it seemed a shame to disturb their peace. The beauty of the Taj Mahal lies in its symmetry and size. It is very difficult to explain its beauty in words - all I can say is - "You've got to see it to believe it!"

In the remainder of our trip we visited many holy sites. Perhaps the greatest concentration of temples is in the holy city of Ayodhya, where Sri Rama ruled. The best moment for me was visiting the birth place of Sri Rama. This was a great honour and will remain in my memory for a long, long time.

It is hard to describe the atmosphere felt during the trip in words. One has to see to believe and let the magic of this immortal land take you over and mould your perceptions.

It was hard to leave India, with its ancient architecture, the beauty of its religion and of course the hot climate. However I was compelled to leave as school was starting ridiculously early. Here I finish writing about an unforgettable country with the hope of returning soon and rediscovering its magic again for myself....

RUPESH SRIVASTAVA 61M

### BIRDS

*A kingdom of birds  
Flocking together as one  
United they sing.*

TRACY WALLS 2M

### THE TEAR

*A warm salty tear,  
Like a moving crystal falls,  
A mobile of love.*

SALONI SETH 2M

